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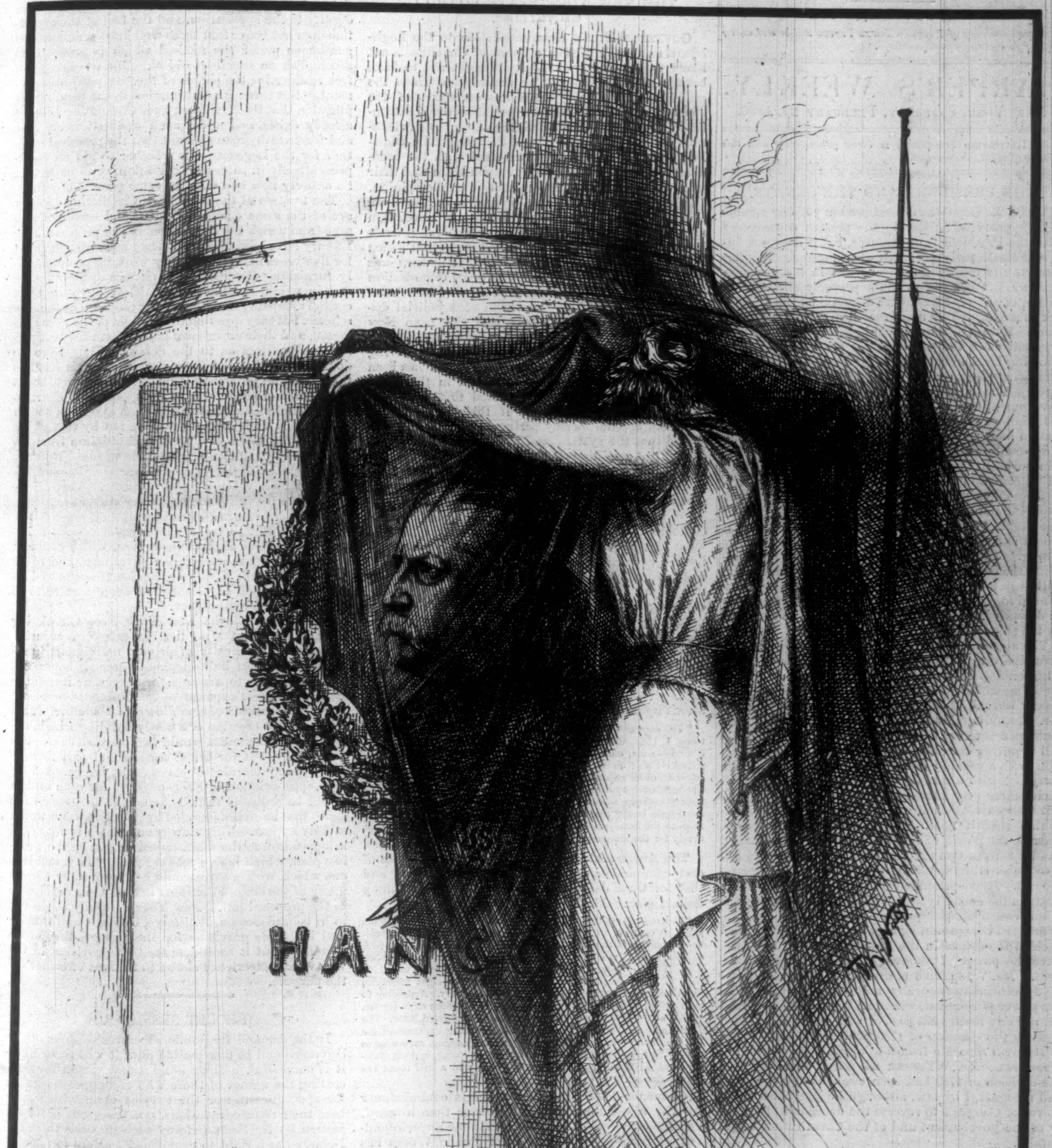

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"The Spirit of the Marshalls," by MARGARET EMMA DITTO, *is concluded; "Jo's Opportunity" is advanced to a point where the interest becomes absorbing.*

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1886.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE SENATE.

THAT the Republican Senators are playing a game for party advantage in the present controversy with the President is undeniable, but it does not follow that all their positions are unsound. Senator **SHERMAN** is unquestionably correct in his assertion that while the Senate cannot properly demand the reason of an act of Executive discretion, it may justly ask to see any paper upon record in a public department. If such documents could be withheld, the representatives of the people might be prevented from knowing facts indispensable for legislation, and the Executive might secrete proofs of its own sinister designs. The doctrine of coördinate powers in the government cannot be pushed justly to the point of the absolute exclusion from one branch of all information in regard to another. Moreover, the Senate is a constitutional part of the executive power for certain purposes, and for those purposes it is entitled to all information accessible to the executive department. This right, however, does not involve that of requiring the reasons of the exercise of the President's discretion. These reasons, indeed, may be inferred from the papers. But the inference may be entirely wrong. The present object of the Senate is to discredit the President by the production of papers which will seem to show that efficient officers have been suspended for political reasons. But the appearance may be deceptive. The real reasons may not be disclosed by the papers.

The argument that the Senate may require all papers regarding removals, because the Senate is a constitutional part of the removing power, opens the question, which has never been and never will be finally settled, of the nature of the removing power. Mr. **EDMUNDS** cites **CALHOUN'S** report of 1835, and **BENTON'S** of ten years before. The latter reported a bill requiring the President, upon making a nomination to fill a vacancy occasioned by removal, to accompany it "with a statement of the reasons for which such officer may have been removed." The bill did not become a law, and was really a part of the Jacksonian assault upon **ADAMS**, which was ludicrous, because the power of removal was never less abused than by **JOHN QUINCY ADAMS**. Mr. **CALHOUN'S** bill also required the President to give his reasons for removals. The requirement was sustained by Mr. **WEBSTER**, in the masterly speech in which he reviewed the whole constitutional question, and modestly but firmly arrayed his opinion against that of **MADISON**, which decided the debate in the first Congress of 1789, and gave the power of removal exclusively to the President. Mr. **WEBSTER'S** position was that the power of appointment naturally and necessarily includes the power of removal, where no limitation is expressed, nor any tenure but that of will declared. Consequently the decision of 1789, which implied a power of removal separate from the appointing power, was erroneous. Mr. **WEBSTER** admitted, however, that the decision of 1789 had been established by practice and recognized by law, although he asserted the just power of Congress to reverse the decision as the safety of the government and of the Constitution might require.

This reversal took place in the passage of the Tenure of Office Act during the administration of **ANDREW JOHNSON**. That act went beyond the acts of **BENTON** and **CALHOUN**, by reinstating the displaced officer if the Senate did not approve the reasons of removal. Congress made **WEBSTER'S** and **CALHOUN'S** opinion law, and maintained it against the President's veto. But in 1869 the Senate renounced the right which it had claimed, and acquiesced in suspensions at the discretion of the President. It was a Republican Congress, and the Administration was Republican, and until the law should be modified the Senate abandoned the right to demand reasons for removals. But as the present Administration and the House of Representatives are both Democratic, the Senate cannot now modify the law and regain the control of suspensions by reinstating the officer if it should not be satisfied with the reasons for suspension. It seeks, therefore, by requiring papers in secret session, from which enough would be made public to serve the purpose, to discredit the President whom it cannot control. This is the party game of the Senate, and it is played with skill. The counter move of the President, in which he would be sustained by the people, would be to send the papers to the Senate, and to make them public at the same time, with such further statements as he might choose.

THE NEW YORK STATE BOARD OF CHARITIES.

GOVERNOR HILL'S recommendation to the Legislature to abolish the State Board of Charities is not likely to be entertained, but it ought not to have been made. It will not be denied that since the establishment of the board the condition of the charitable, correctional, and eleemosynary institutions of the State, all of which are subject to its visitation, has greatly improved, and that the public knowledge of them has largely increased, with the beneficial result of bringing to bear upon them and their management a strong and corrective public opinion. This good result has been promoted by the State Charities Aid Association. But that association sprang from the deeper and more general interest in the work of public charities and correction which was stimulated by the board, and that in turn was due in large part to the character of its organization and the wisdom of its administration. It is composed of eight members—one from each judicial district, one from Kings County, and two from New York—who are selected for their individual qualifications, and who serve without salary, receiving their official expenses. The board thus far has been filled by citizens peculiarly interested in the work, trained by experience, and devoted to their duties with singular intelligence. If their discharge of duty had become merely perfunctory; if it had appeared that the system bred indifference or neglect, or that the condition of the vast State interests committed to the board had declined; if it were extravagant, ostentatious, whimsical, or inefficient; if the abolition of the board promised more capable administration of the trust, which is the first consideration, or more intelligent comprehension of progress in what may be justly called the science of public charity and correction; and if in an empire State where institutions are locally distributed, the local inspection of an accomplished and intelligent observer, collating his views with associates, were not more promising than the supervision of a single officer and his deputies—such facts would give weight to a proposition for a fundamental change of organization.

As for the expenses of the board, Mr. **LETCHWORTH**, the chairman, in correcting some grotesque exaggerations upon the subject in the Albany *Argus*, says:

> "The expenses of the board from its organization in 1867 to October 1, 1885, for the travelling expenses and hotel bills of its commissioners, committees, and officers, in the inspection of institutions and in attendance upon its meetings, for clerk hire, printing, office expenses, and contingencies, have never exceeded the legislative appropriation, which in no instance has been more than $5000 per annum. Considering the time spent by the commissioners in the performance of their duties, and the saving results to the State, many will doubtless admit that it has not paid dearly for the unsalaried service of the commissioners."

The *Argus* said that the daily personal expenses of each commissioner averaged twenty-nine dollars, and that for three days' services the sum reached ninety dollars each. Mr. **LETCHWORTH** answers:

> "It has been customary, in consideration of the large charitable interests centring in New York and Brooklyn, and for the greater convenience of those having business to transact with the board, to hold one of its stated meetings during the year in New York city. The last one held there was on the 15th, 16th, and 17th days of December, 1885, which was attended by eight members, together with the secretary and assistant secretary. According to your estimate, the expenses of this session of three days for ten person at thirty dollars per day would have aggregated $900. The actual expenses, however, including the travelling expenses of the commissioners and secretaries in going and coming, according to official figures, were $136 38, making a discrepancy in your statement of $763 62, or an increase over five and a half times the actual amount."

Governor **HILL** says that a single commissioner for the whole State would be better than a board, and the only reason he gives is that one Superintendent of State-prisons and one of Public Works has been found preferable to the Board of Inspectors and of Canal Commissioners. The answer, of course, is that the supervision of prisons and of canals is not justly to be compared with that of the enormous number of poor-houses and almshouses, of hospitals, orphan asylums, and homes for the friendless, of reformatories, insane and blind and idiot asylums, and the supervision of the removal of crippled, blind, lunatic, and other infirm alien paupers. A thorough visitation of this enormous system of institutions could not be made properly by one officer; and if he must be assisted, is any body of assistants likely to be so efficient, valuable, and economical as the Board of Commissioners, who are especially qualified for the work and experienced in it? The Governor's recommendation has much more the aspect of a bid for popularity, as seeking economy, than of a wise suggestion to raise the character and improve the efficiency of a most important branch of the public service, whose present character and efficiency are an honor to the State.

FREE READING.

THE proposition of a Free Public Library in the city of New York, as we have already stated, is not made for the first time by the pending application to the Legislature, and the Legislature may wisely reflect before action. The names of the corporators are those of eminent citizens, but they are chosen to give dignity to the application, and the fact of their selection does not prove that those well-known and trusted gentlemen prefer the method which is proposed to accomplish an excellent object. The advantages of free reading for the people of the city need no argument. But there is no intimation in the pending application that the New York Free Circulating Library already exists, and under such unquestionably able and trustworthy management that the practical question for the Legislature is whether to aid an enterprise already in successful operation, or to undertake an entirely new one with the same general object.

The trustees of the New York Circulating Library are of the same class of eminent and excellent citizens from which the corporators of the proposed Free Library have been selected. They have been engaged for five years in doing the very work proposed, namely, furnishing free reading to citizens at their homes and in public reading-rooms. They have the most cordial sympathy with the objects proposed by the new scheme, but they question the wisdom of the plan suggested, and their experience makes them the best possible counsellors as to the details. They have no doubt whatever—and their view commends itself to the intelligent judgment—that the circulation of books must be conducted from various points of distribution. The necessity of this branch system is shown not only by their own experience, but by that of the Boston Free Library, where the circulation from the branches is about two-thirds of the whole. Now the plan submitted to the Legislature contemplates a large grant of money for a great building. There is no application for funds for books nor current expenses, and if branches are contemplated, they must follow hereafter. But to begin with a great central building is to expend an enormous sum, which could be utilized to very much greater advantage, and if the State is to aid the library enterprise, it ought to do it in the way which experience has demonstrated to be most suitable for the object.

The trustees of the New York Free Circulating Library say that "no trouble exists in securing through the generosity of private individuals funds sufficient to erect buildings and purchase books, but the difficulty is to arrange for a regular income to meet the current expenses of the different branches." The best disposition of a public grant, therefore, would not be for the erection of a costly building which, under the circumstances, would furnish various chances for jobbery, but for the extension and part maintenance of a system already successfully begun. An annual appropriation of $5000 or $6000 for each branch would be probably sufficient, and the trustees do not doubt that branches founded by private citizens would rapidly appear. This view is one which is not urged in opposition to the main object sought by the pending plan, which is free reading for the city, and it is one which, we are sure, would be approved by a great many of the eminent citizens named as incorporators in the proposed bill. New York certainly ought not to be behind Boston, Baltimore, Chicago, and Cincinnati in ample provision for the free reading of its citizens. But it should make that provision in the way which experience shows to be most effectual for the purpose.

SECRET SESSIONS.

IF the demand for public executive sessions of the Senate should be disregarded now, it will recur until it is successful. There is no sound reason for concealing the names of those who recommend persons for appointment, nor the reasons upon which they base their recommendations, nor the grounds for rejection by the Senate, if any such grounds there be. Nobody has a right to urge the President to make a nomination except for public reasons, and of course there can be no just plea for concealing such reasons. The moment that secrecy is desired, suspicion is justified. If, for instance, those who urged the appointment of Mr. **HEDDEN** and Mr. **BEATTIE** as Collector and Surveyor at the port of New York recommended them because of their character, capacity, experience, and special fitness, there can be no conceivable occasion for concealing the fact or the reasons. Those who assumed the responsibility of recommending them were asking for the appointment of certain men to public office, to attend to the business of the whole public, and if they did so upon public grounds they would not oppose—on the contrary, they would desire—publicity, in order that the public, which did not know the gentlemen, might be made aware of their peculiar qualifications.

If, however, those who recommend nominations do so from any improper or unworthy motive, such as rewarding a man who is their tool, or helping a party or a faction, or securing personal favors for themselves or others, or winning votes or influence, or any other illicit reason, they will naturally wish that everything may be hushed up, and that they may be enabled to foist their man upon public support without the public knowledge. The answer to this, that the law gives the power of appointment to a certain officer, and that if he makes improper appointments he may be called to account, and if it be the President, that he may be impeached, is not an answer. The law does not require secrecy or concealment of recommendations, and experience shows that the practice of secrecy, which has grown up under the law, has led to immense abuses. Important and influential men, public officers of the highest grade, Senators and Representatives, Governors and judges, recommend unfit and often worthless men for appointment, without any personal knowledge of them, and generally because the petitioners themselves beg the favor. This is a gross outrage upon the public, and a betrayal of the duties of honest citizenship on the part of those who recommend, and the most effectual remedy would be publicity. If every man who recommends a person for appointment knew that his recommendation would be made public, he would be very careful whom he recommended.

The result would be that very seldom would there be any personal disqualification, as of a bad habit or bad record, to be urged against confirmation, and the plea for secrecy of Senatorial action, that it spares public shame to the nominee who is rejected, would disappear. Indeed, occasional shame of this kind would be of no importance compared with the abolition of the intrigue and trading and games of personal interest which are fostered by Senatorial secrecy in executive session. The abuse known as the courtesy of the Senate, by which appointments in a State, however excellent and desirable, are made dependent upon the will of the Senators from the State, thus making their personal wishes, and not the public interest, the rule of Senatorial action—the usage by which the nomination of the elder Theodore Roosevelt to be Collector at New York was defeated, and by which the defeat of the late Collector Robertson was attempted—would be very speedily corrected. The secrecy of the executive session serves merely to prolong an illicit power of the Senate. It is a tradition without reasonable justification, and it must be renounced.

MR. BANCROFT'S "PLEA FOR THE CONSTITUTION."

Mr. Bancroft has performed a great and timely public service by turning the clear and admonishing light of history upon the mazes of financial speculation. His little pamphlet, just issued by the Harpers, is one of the most valuable and authoritative contributions to the discussion which was stimulated by the opinion of the Supreme Court in March, 1884, and by the silver coinage bill. The special purpose of *A Plea for the Constitution of the United States of America, wounded in the House of its Guardians*, is to show that the opinion of the court rests upon a misapprehension of the nature of the powers of the general government and of historical fact, and the historian shows conclusively that the power which the court asserts for the government was deliberately denied to it by the Constitutional Convention, and that its derivation from the sovereignty inherent in every such government is untenable. The story of colonial paper money is vividly narrated step by step, and at every point experience confutes overwhelmingly the pleas and arguments which are repeated to-day in profound ignorance or reckless contempt of the fact that our fathers acknowledged, deplored, and abandoned the fatal follies into which we are again urged to plunge.

The narrative establishes the essential simplicity of the great truth of sound national finance, that good money must have an intrinsic and stable value, and that the efforts of authority to substitute paper for such money, and to impose its arbitrary value upon seller as well as buyer, are necessarily futile, and sure sooner or later to involve the community in a catastrophe in which the day-laborers and the poorest citizens are the chief sufferers. The favorite argument of inflationists, that the stamp of state responsibility is the pledge of the whole property of the state, and therefore the best possible security, is demolished by the vital fact that all colonial emissions of paper were occasioned by the scarcity of "money," and that by "money" gold and silver coin was always meant. As early as 1717 South Carolina had begun to perceive this truth, and its Legislature declared, "It is found by experience that the multiplicity of the bills of credit hath been the cause of the ruin of our trade and commerce, and hath been the great evil of this province, and that it ought with all expedition to be remedied." Through sore disaster the other colonies came to the same conclusion, and the Constitutional Convention of 1787, in the words of Oliver Ellsworth, "shut and barred the door against paper money," and by a majority of more than four to one refused to the general government power to emit bills of credit, and forbade the States to issue them.

The Supreme Court rests its assertion of the power of Congress to make Treasury notes a legal tender upon the general powers of sovereignty in civilized nations, and upon the fact that the power is not expressly withheld by the Constitution. Against this claim of the general powers of sovereignty Mr. Bancroft arrays a cloud of authoritative witnesses, including continuous, repeated, and unanimous interpretations of the Constitution by the court itself. It is unquestionable that the soundest constitutional authorities have denied the doctrine of "inherent sovereignty" now announced. Mr. Webster, who was a liberal and not a technical expounder of the Constitution, says that while it divides the powers of government into three great departments, it "describes the powers and duties of these departments in an article allotted to each." He says that it specifically enumerates the powers granted to the Legislature, to the Executive, and the Judiciary. In vesting the judicial power in the Supreme Court its general words do not show what extent of such power is so vested. That is done afterward by "express and well-guarded provisions." Mr. Bancroft marshals overwhelming facts and arguments with the utmost skill, and he concludes that the court ought to correct its dangerous judgment. There is a tone of touching dignity in the close of his pamphlet which shows how entirely it is a labor of the sincerest love of country. He too

> "Obeys the voice at eve obeyed at prime,"

and was never a truer patriot than in this work. It is a little pamphlet so clear and intelligible and concise and conclusive that Chambers of Commerce and Boards of Trade and all who are interested in the dissemination of sound doctrine and cogent facts upon the subject should secure for it the widest circulation.

GENERAL HANCOCK.

The universal and sincere sorrow at the death of General Hancock is a striking tribute to a patriotic hero, a stainless gentleman, and an honest man. The simple uprightness of his character and his brilliant service in the field made him one of the most conspicuous heroes of the war for the Union, and among all the eminent soldiers of that great time he was the one around whom falsehood and jealousy and envious scandal wove no noxious web. Every soldier was proud to serve under him, every officer was gladly associated with him, and every loyal citizen honored him.

It was not surprising that in 1880 the Democratic party, seeking an absolutely irreproachable candidate, selected General Hancock. So far as he was concerned, there was never a canvass less acrid. But the truth was only too evident that the great distinction of his life, which largely constituted his availability, separated him from the tradition of his party. Why should the country refuse its vote to Garfield, a brave Union soldier, supported by the party of the war, in order to elect another brave Union soldier, supported by the party which, as such, had been the hope of the rebellion?

Hancock's honest heroism and personal character could not overcome both the deep distrust of his party and the Republican confidence which was revived by the nomination of Garfield. His nomination, like that of Mr. Greeley, seemed to be a mere trick to recover power by a pretence, and in each case the candidate was the victim. But throughout the canvass General Hancock bore himself like a high-minded, true-hearted gentleman, and wholly unidentified as he was with the acerbities of politics, the votes against him were cast by those who had no feeling for the candidate but respect and admiration. It is a memorable year in which Grant, McClellan, and Hancock die, and their deaths remind us how rapidly we are leaving a great era of our history behind us, and that we are already confronted with new times, new issues, and new men.

A HAPPY SOLUTION.

A simple and practical suggestion is sent to us from Virginia. Our correspondent says that fourth-class postmasters have no grievance except that their neighbors do not write letters enough, as their salary depends upon the number of stamps cancelled, and adds that the political trouble in regard to these offices could be very easily settled by appointing women to fill them, and letting the men go to work. It is a capital suggestion. It would take them at once out of politics, and solve a problem that puts every little community by the ears. We suspect our correspondent to be a woman.

THE LAST CRIME AGAINST THE CHINESE.

Whatever may be thought of the free admission of the Chinese into this country, there can be no difference of opinion among honorable and intelligent Americans that the violence to which they are subjected, like the outbreak at Seattle, in Washington Territory, is an intolerable outrage which should be summarily corrected. In that shameful attack upon the innocent and helpless Chinese the Governor, Mayor, Judge, and Sheriff, according to the reports, discharged their duty properly, and the local militia appeared promptly.

The demand of the Governor for military aid should be answered without delay. The general feeling of the community, without countenancing violence, is undoubtedly hostile to the Chinese, and the consciousness of that fact is the stimulus and support of disorder. It must be assumed by the Government that while the Chinese remain in the country under the practical ban of the law and of public opinion there will be constant demonstrations of violence against them, and that the most unremitting vigilance is indispensable if we would discharge our treaty obligations and conduct ourselves like a Christian nation.

The government is pledged by treaty to exert all its power to devise means to remedy the wrongs of the Chinese in such outrages as that at Seattle; and if the violence is to become general, it will be an interesting question how soon the Chinese Government may countenance reprisals upon Americans in China. It is not for that reason, however, but as a civilized and honorable nation, that we are bound to put an end to these constantly recurring attacks upon the Chinese.

AT THE ASTOR LIBRARY.

From the thirty-seventh annual report of the trustees of the Astor Library, just issued, it appears that the increase in the use of the library during the last year is without parallel since the library was opened. In 1881 the total number of readers was 44,123; in 1882 it was 51,856; in 1883, 57,613; in 1884, 59,057; but in 1885 it was 72,584. The British Museum, after an existence of nearly one hundred years, had about thirty-five years ago only the same daily average of readers as the Astor Library during the last year.

During the year Mr. Astor has presented some very valuable and interesting manuscripts to the library. Among them is a clear and beautiful manuscript of the thirteenth century containing Hesiod's Works and Days, one of Æsop's Fables of the fourteenth century, and a *Codex Vaticanus* of the fifteenth century. Mr. Astor has also presented two richly illuminated manuscripts brought from Persia by Mr. Benjamin. One of them, containing two poems, was formerly in the collection of the Mogul Emperors at Delhi; the other is a commentary upon the Koran.

Another exceedingly interesting contribution to the treasures of the Astor Library is a gift from Mr. Alexander Hamilton. It is his grandfather's autograph plan of the Constitution of the United States, submitted by him to the Constitutional Convention in 1787. The work of the library is very noiseless, but it is an invaluable resource to the student and a perpetual public benefit.

PERSONAL.

One of the oldest and most interesting celebrations in Germany is the Coopers' Festival, which occurs in Munich every seven years, and was repeated last month. Very picturesque were the costumes of the dancers—a green skull-cap with a blue and white feather, a silver-bordered crimson jacket, black velvet knee-breeches, with a design on the left leg in gold and silver wrought by the coopers' daughters, white stockings, and shoes with silver buckles. Each dancer held above his head a half hoop trimmed with evergreens, and showing a small keg suspended from the centre of the arch. For weeks the participants had been practising the Coopers' Dance.

—Mr. Henry C. Gibson's country-seat at Wynnewood, near Philadelphia, presents the castellated appearance of the old mansions in the north of Scotland, and contains in one group, and practically under one roof, the house proper, the servants' quarters, a large carriage-house, and a stable. The material is buff sandstone from Plainfield, New Jersey, with a rough surface, and the effect depends upon the massing rather than upon the details. The length of the building is two hundred and ten feet. Its principal interior decorations are oil-paintings and statuary, taken, for the most part, from Mr. Gibson's celebrated private gallery in Walnut Street, Philadelphia, which, however, is so generously provided for as not to miss them. The most important feature of the southwest elevation is a circular tower seventy-two feet high, which starts from the top of the porte cochère.

—An esteemed citizen who recently bought a railroad ticket from New York to Florida by the Pennsylvania road was amused at the length of it—thirty-six inches by exact measurement. He tried to be witty whenever the conductor punched it, but that officer persisted in greeting his remarks with a tired expression of countenance.

—During the last snow-storm a policeman stood in the middle of Market Street, at the Eighth Street crossing, Philadelphia, in order to help the ladies over from one sidewalk to the other. He had a lot of straw under his feet, which kept his boots from getting wet. When the passage was clear of vehicles, he gallantly beckoned to the waiting ladies and waved them along as they passed him. This was much easier and simpler than to escort them step by step from curb to curb, as the New York policeman does.

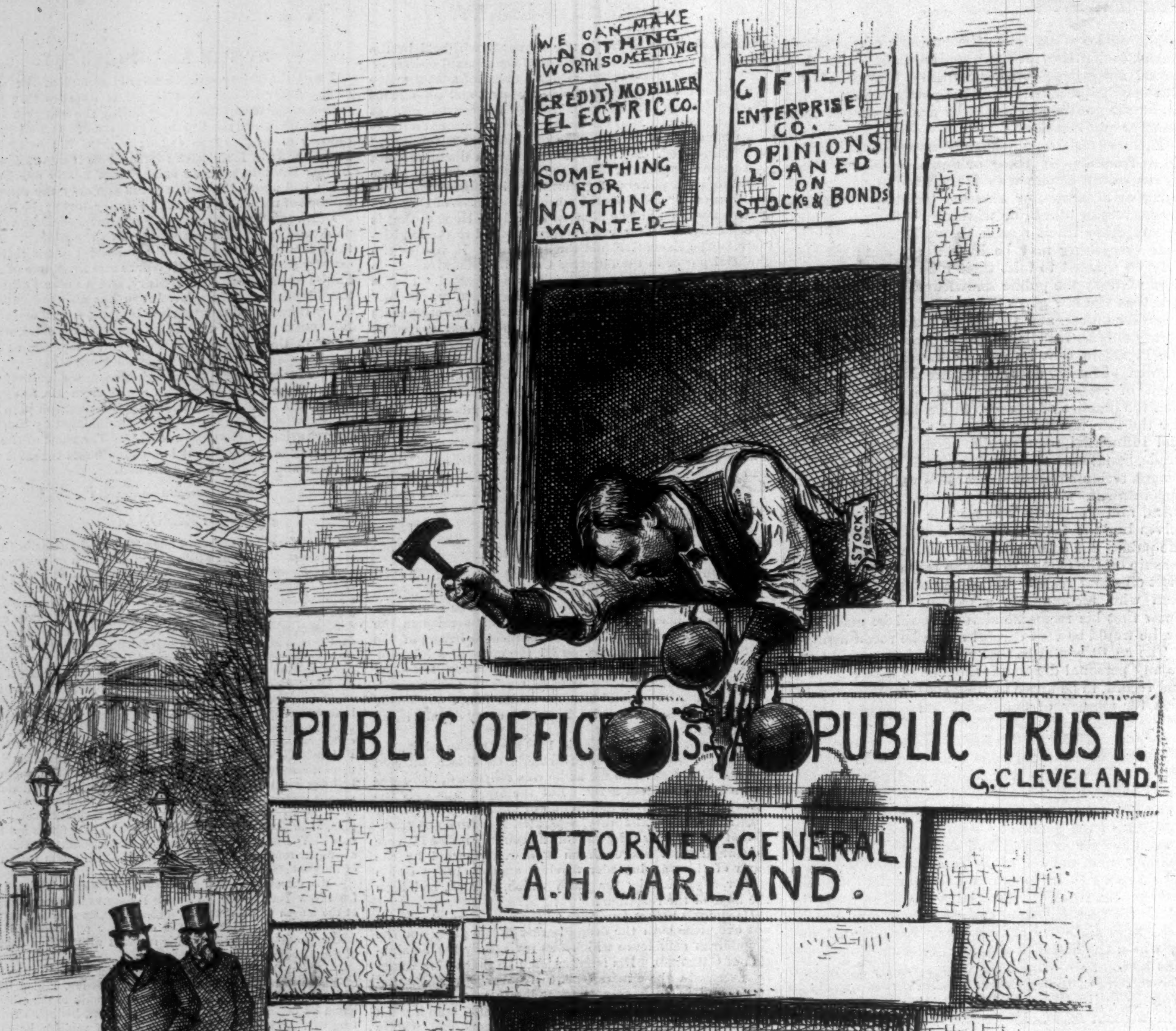
—Mr. James White, the new Commodore of the Brooklyn Yacht Club, has been for many years a conspicuous figure among the lovers of sports in the neighborhood of New York. He is president of the Manhattan Cricket Club of Brooklyn, and last year he presented to that organization a handsome challenge cup, to be contested for by the cricket clubs of New York State. One of the indirect results of Mr. White's generous gift is the movement recently inaugurated by the Manhattan Cricket Club, and likely to be successful, for the formation of a New York State Cricket Association.

—An American lady, while attending a wedding at the house of an Indian nabob in Calcutta, was somewhat surprised to see a complete set of Rolfe's Shakespeare upon his library shelves. It was the only edition of the poet that his Excellency possessed, and both its position and the quality of its binding seemed to show that the cultivated old magnate set a high value upon it.

—Colonel Morgan, American Consul at Melbourne, recently presided at a temperance meeting in that city, and was enthusiastically received. A vote of thanks having been put, every member of the vast assembly waved his handkerchief above his head and cheered loudly. The scene of the proceedings was the town-hall, which seats about four thousand persons. Colonel Morgan modestly took the welcome as a tribute of the good-will of Australia to the United States.

—The columns of a leading English review contain a letter from a lady who signs herself "Anna Kingsford, M.D., Paris," in which she attacks M. Pasteur with much vigor. She doubts that the boy Meister, who is said to have been cured of hydrophobia by inoculation with the rabies, was bitten by a mad dog at all, and she boldly declares that M. Pasteur is not always sure of his facts. She thinks that Dr. Buisson's remedy for hydrophobia, namely, hot air or vapor baths daily for seven days, is a perfect cure for that disease, if taken at once. It is a new thing to see the distinguished French scientists opposed in the press by one of their English lady pupils.

—Mr. John W. Bookwalter, once the Democratic candidate for the Governorship of Ohio, is entertaining his friends in this city with a remarkably well preserved and highly interesting mummy, found during his travels in Egypt. The specimen is of the feminine gender, five feet two inches long, and by learned conjecture a princess of the time of the Ptolemys. Her even, regular, white front teeth are plainly visible, and she gently presses them against the tip of her tongue—which looks like a piece of harness leather—as if about to make a saucy observation. In order to show exactly the process of embalming, Mr. Bookwalter has removed from one-half of the body, along its entire length, the many folds of coarse linen cloth, now of a soft écru color. So abundant are they that in certain places their combined thickness is nearly four inches, and they seem to have been saturated with a preparation of tar, which even now makes itself distinctly noticeable to the olfactory nerves. The fingers seem a little longer than those of the modern princess, and the head a little smaller. She lies placidly on her back, her arms folded across her breast. In spite of her three thousand years, she has managed to retain her form almost entirely; but one of the cremation societies has asked to be allowed to use her as a "campaign document."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ATTORNEY-GENERAL A.H. GARLAND.
Th: Nast

DEFACING THE ADMINISTRATION SIGN.

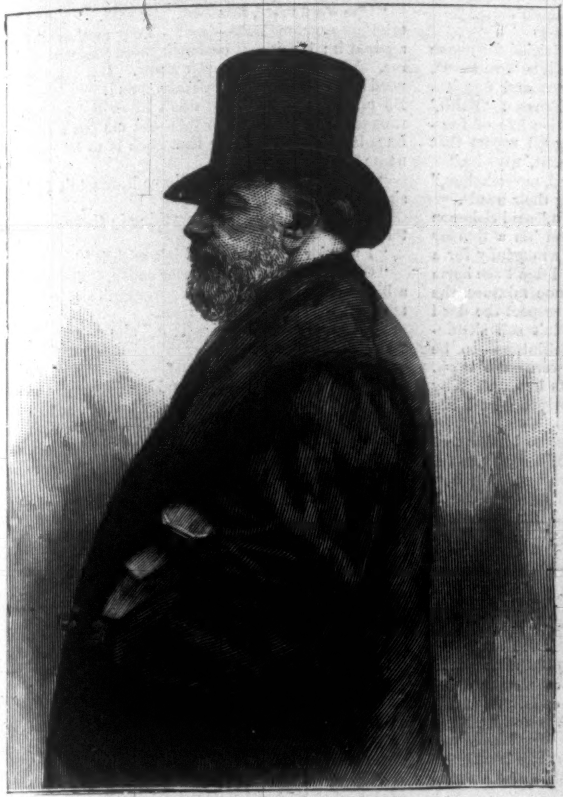
WE CANNOT ALLOW THIS **MIS**-*CONSTRUCTION.*

HENRY J. SCUDDER.

Henry J. Scudder, long and favorably known as a lawyer in the city of New York, died at his residence in East Twenty-second Street, after a brief illness, on the 10th inst. He was born at Northport, Long Island, in 1825, his ancestors on both sides belonging to Long Island families for some generations. After preparing for college at Huntington Academy, he entered Trinity College, Hartford, graduating in 1846. Two years later he was admitted to the bar in New York, and in 1853 formed a partnership with **James C. Carter**, which lasted to the day of Mr. **Scudder's** death. His progress in his profession was rapid, and for many years his firm was among the most prominent in admiralty practice. In 1872 he was elected to Congress from the Long Island district as a Republican, though that had always been regarded as a Democratic stronghold. He was best known while in Congress for his outspoken opposition to Federal interference and military rule in the Southern States. He declined a renomination after his first term, but shortly after became a candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court in the Second District, being defeated at the election. In 1882 he was nominated for Judge of the Superior Court of the city of New York, but failed of election. In recent years Mr. **Scudder** had been the principal counsel of the Standard Oil Company. He was held in high esteem not only for his intellectual ability, but for his high character and genuine public spirit. He was for many years one of the trustees of Trinity College, and actively interested in education. He first married, in 1853, a daughter of Professor **Charles Davies**, of the United States Military Academy. His second wife, who survives him, is the daughter of the late **John H. Willard**, Principal of the Troy Female Seminary. He leaves seven children, among whom are the Rev. **Henry Townsend Scudder**, assistant rector of Grace Church, Dr. **Charles D. Scudder**, a well-known physician, and **Edward M. Scudder**, a lawyer.

STEPHEN A. WALKER.

Mr. Stephen A. Walker, the newly appointed United States District Attorney for the Southern District of New York, is a native of Vermont, having been born at Pittsfield in that State in 1835. His early school-days were passed in Brattleborough, and he afterward graduated from Middlebury College. He taught school in the State of New York while pursuing his legal studies, and afterward entered the office of **Daniel S. Dickinson**, at Binghamton. He had to win his own way, and by the time he was admitted to the bar the year 1861 had arrived, and the next year he entered the army. He acted as Paymaster, with the rank of Colonel, and served in Virginia and the Department of the Gulf. Resigning in 1864, he settled down to the practice of his profession, in the city of New York, as a member of the firm of **Buckham, Smeles, & Walker.** Since 1881, when Mr. **Smeles** died, he has been in practice alone. His early experience in teaching and his natural inclination gave him a great interest in the subject of public education, and he has become best known to his fellow-citizens as an active and prominent member of the Board of Education, on which he has served for the last ten years. For seven years he has been President of the Board, and to his zeal has been largely due the high state of efficiency to which its work has been raised. He has been constantly watchful of the interests of the schools, and opposed to every movement, political or otherwise, calculated to impair their usefulness. Mr. **Walker** has never taken an active part in political management, but in 1881 he consented to be a candidate for Surrogate, when Mr. **Delano C. Calvin** was the Tammany candidate for re-election, and the County Democracy candidate withdrew almost on the eve of election. Mr. **Rollins**, the present incumbent of the office, was the Republican candidate, and Mr. **Walker** received the lowest vote. He is understood to be a member of the County Democracy organization, but his appointment, which came to him from the President without solicitation or suggestion from any quarter, was received with satisfaction and approval by all parties and factions. Mr. **Walker** is a member of the New York Bar Association, and a lawyer of commanding ability, but his distinguishing trait is an elevation of character and purpose that begets implicit confidence.



JACOB SHARP.—[See Page 123.]

THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.

By THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "A Laodicean," "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid," "Far from the Madding Crowd," etc.

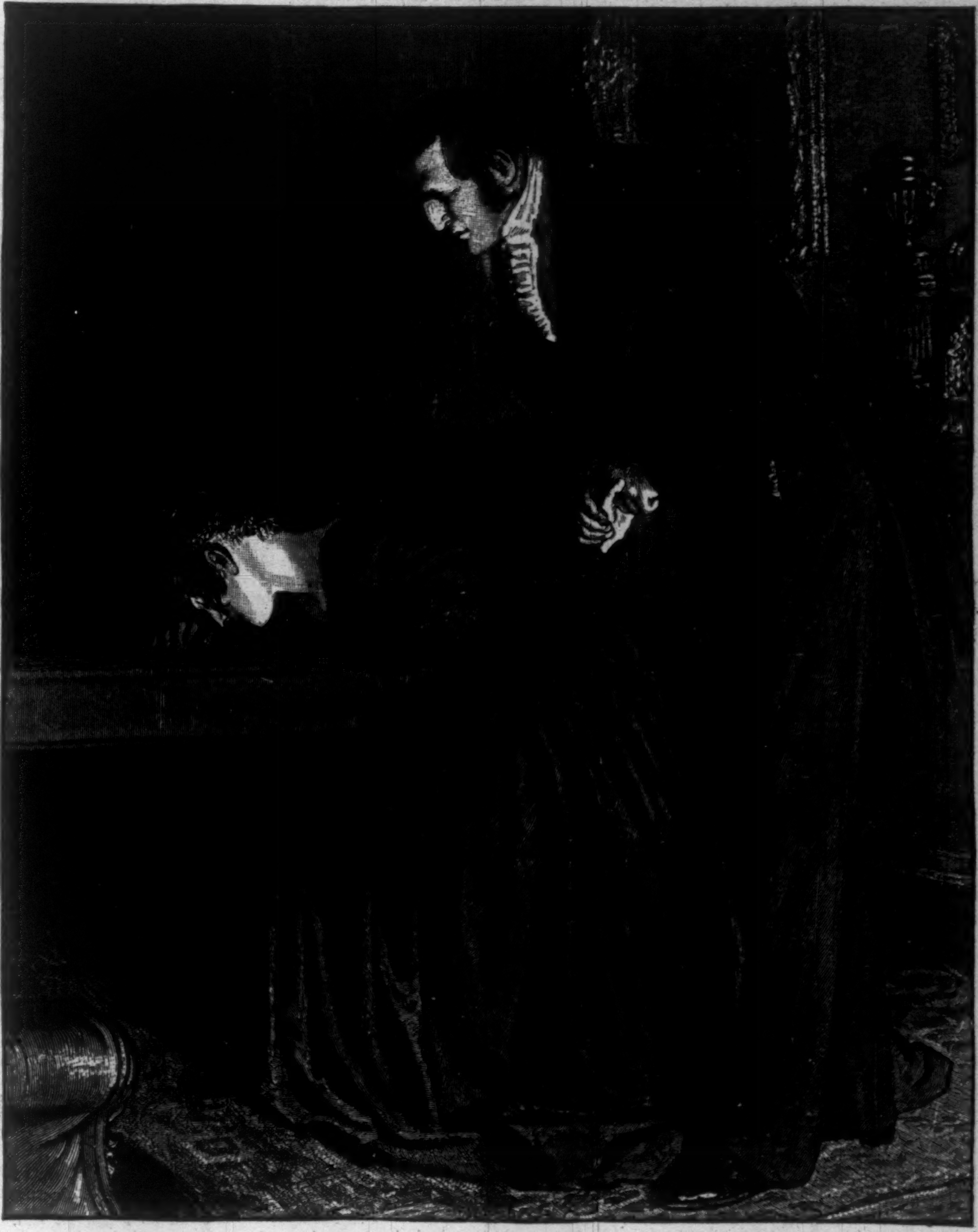
CHAPTER XVIII.

There came a shock which had been foreseen for some time by Elizabeth Jane, as the driver foresees the approaching jerk from some channel across his track.

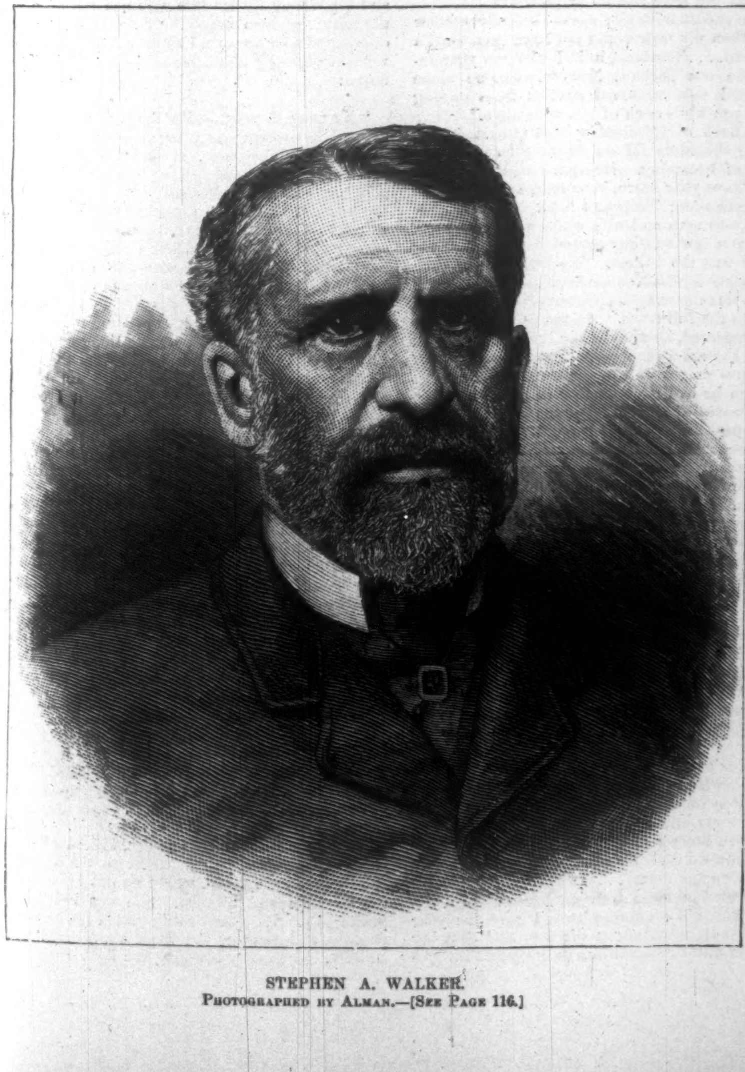
Her mother was ill—too unwell to leave her room. Henchard, who treated her kindly, except in moments of irritation, sent at once for the richest, busiest doctor, whom he supposed to be the best. Bed-time came, and they burned a light all night. In a day or two she rallied.

Elizabeth, who had been staying up, did not appear at breakfast on the second morning, and Henchard sat down alone. He was startled to see a letter for him from Jersey in a writing he knew too well, and had expected least to behold again. He took it up in his hands and looked at it as at a picture, a vision, a vista of past enactments, and then he read it as an unimportant finale to conjecture.

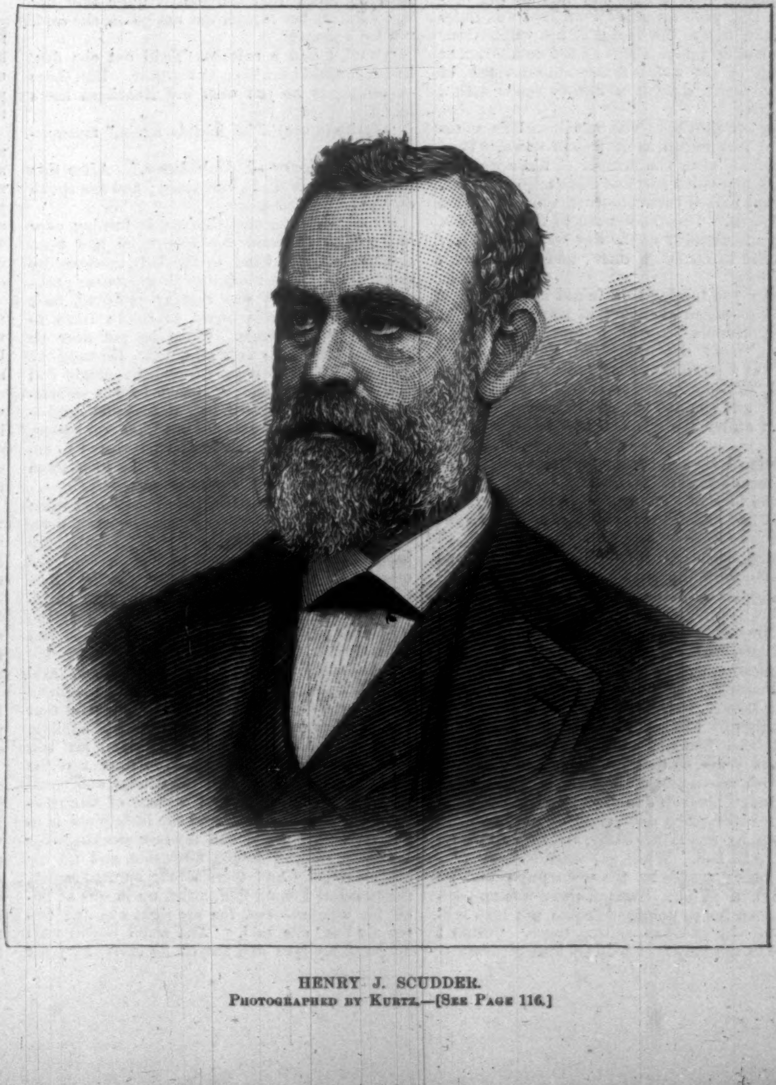
The writer said that she at length perceived how impossible it would be for any further communications to proceed between them now that his remarriage had taken place. That such reunion had been the only straightforward course open to him she was bound to admit. "On calm



"'AM I SO DREADFUL, SO HATEFUL TO 'EE? DON'T TAKE AGAINST ME, ELIZABETH JANE!' HE CRIED, GRASPING HER WET HAND."



STEPHEN A. WALKER.
Photographed by Alman.—[See Page 116.]



HENRY J. SCUDDER.
Photographed by Kurtz.—[See Page 116.]

reflection, therefore," she went on, "I quite forgive you for landing me in such a dilemma, remembering that you concealed nothing before our ill-advised marriage, hasty as it was, and that you really did set before me the fact of there being a certain risk in marrying you, slight as it seemed to be after eighteen years of silence on your wife's part. I thus look upon the whole as a misfortune of mine, and not a fault of yours.

"So that, Michael, I must ask you to overlook those letters with which I pestered you day after day in the heat of my feelings, immediately after being sent back to Jersey when I had come to join you. They were written whilst I thought your conduct to me cruel; but now I know more particulars of the position you were in, I see how inconsiderate my reproaches were.

"Now you will, I am sure, perceive that the one condition which will make any future happiness possible for me is that the past connection between our lives be kept secret as the tomb. Speak of it I know you will not, and I can trust you not to write of it. One safeguard more remains to be mentioned—that no writings of mine, or trifling articles belonging to me, should be left in your possession through neglect or forgetfulness. To this end may I request you to return to me any such you may have, particularly the letters I have written in the abandonment of feeling since our supposed marriage?

"For the handsome sum you settled on me as a plaster to the wound, I heartily thank you.

"I am now on my way to Bristol, to see my uncle the banker. He is rich, and I hope he will do something for me. I shall return through Casterbridge and Budmouth, where I shall take the steamboat. Can you direct some one to meet me with the letters and other trifles? I shall be in the coach which changes horses at the Stag Hotel at half past five Wednesday evening; I shall be wearing a Paisley shawl with a red centre, and thus may easily be found. For safety call me anything—Miss St. Helier, say. I should prefer this plan of receiving them to having them sent, since it would hinder dangerous inquiries in the house on what the bundle contained.

"I remain still,
"Yours truly,
"Lucetta."

Henchard breathed heavily. "Poor thing—better you had saved the devil's life than mine! Upon my heart and soul, if ever I should be left in a position to make that marriage with you a legal one, I *ought* to do it—I ought to do it, indeed!"

The contingency that he had in his mind was, of course, the death of Mrs. Henchard.

Mrs. Henchard sent to him from the room soon after, and he went up. "I feel so much better, Michael," she said, "that I shall go out in a chair toward the middle of the day."

Henchard arranged that the chair should be ready, and went about his daily business. About twelve o'clock he was passing round the south side of the town, outside the earth-work of the Walls; and glancing into the chestnut avenue he saw that his wife was taking the air as she had planned. Old Solomon Longways, with a long white wooden rake, was scraping together the yellow, brown, and green leaves which had fallen, and heaping them into a deep wheelbarrow; they were insinuating visitors, those autumn leaves, sailing down the air into the chimneys, greenhouses, and roof gutters; even finding their way, in some mysterious manner, as far as the town pump—that centre and hub of the borough. But what attracted Henchard was other than this; it was the fact that his wife's chair was pulled up beside a lady seated on a bench at the edge of the walk—a lady closely veiled, of graceful figure, wearing a Paisley shawl with a red centre.

Upon her shoulders, and upon his wife's, an occasional leaf rested as it floated down. They were talking after the manner of those whom a common recreation spot had made acquaintances. Henchard looked thunder-struck when he beheld the incident. Then he seemed to fancy himself mistaken, especially as the day was not the day mentioned in Lucetta's letter; and thus he went on his way.

"I saw you talking to a friend in the Walk," he said to Susan at dinner, as she sat propped up by a cushion.

"Yes," said the unweeting Mrs. Henchard. "She was a stranger to me, however. She was a kind, lady-like young woman, on her way to Bristol; and she had stopped to look at the town for half an hour, which she had never seen before."

Henchard sank into dumbness at this news, which reconfirmed his original conviction. He disliked the idea of that meeting, and wondered if Lucetta had aimed to see his wife, or whether the conjuncture were an accident.

Nothing occurred to enlighten him, and three days afterward, the time she had appointed for receiving her old letters, he sealed them up in a packet, which he placed in the hands of Elizabeth Jane, she being one who could execute such a commission without burning curiosity or troublesome questioning. She was directed to meet the Bristol coach at the Stag Hotel, and give the parcel to a Miss St. Helier inside, who should ask for such a thing. Elizabeth had not seen Lucetta, if it had been Lucetta, with her mother in the Chestnut Walk, so that he thought there would be no risk worth considering.

At dusk Elizabeth Jane went and stood opposite the coach-office door, close to the inn yard. The evening was rather chilly, and the coach happened to be late. While she stood she saw Farfrae coming round by the town pump, and he crossed over to her. Though there was no positive reason for so doing, she could not help telling him why she was waiting there. "Shall I give it to the lady? I'll do so with pleasure if you find it tedious to stay," he said. Elizabeth accepted his offer, and came away.

The coach at last arrived, and there was nobody inside or out who asked for such a parcel. Farfrae was now rather embarrassed, till the guard declared that he knew the lady described—that she had passed through Casterbridge from Budmouth to Bristol three or four days before, and had mentioned this time for her return. He thought she must have missed the coach, but would probably come on the following journey; he could give her the package if Farfrae would entrust him with it. The latter thereupon handed it over to him.

A fortnight after, when Farfrae was walking along the street, the guard of the same coach came to him with the information that, though he had carried the packet up and down ever since, the lady had not returned; and he reproduced the article from his capacious pocket. It was worn through by friction, and the letters were slipping out. Farfrae took the bundle, which had evidently been investigated, and deemed a profitless burden. He reached home, guessed the letters were the property of the lady Henchard had become involved with, understood the plan, and was in doubt what to do. He put them aside till he should meet Miss Newson, and tell her what had occurred.

Meanwhile Mrs. Henchard was weakening visibly. She could not go out-of-doors any more. One day, after much thinking which seemed to distress her, she said she wanted to write something. A desk was put upon her bed with pen and paper, and at her request she was left alone. She remained writing for a short time, folded her paper carefully, called Elizabeth Jane to bring a taper and wax, and then, still refusing assistance, sealed up the sheet, directed it, and locked it in her desk. She had directed it in these words: "*Mr. Michael Henchard. Not to be opened till Elizabeth Jane's wedding day.*"

The latter sat up with her mother to the utmost of her strength night after night. To learn to take the universe seriously there is no quicker way than to watch—to be a "waker," as the country people call it. Between the hours at which the last toss-pot went by and the first sparrow shook himself, the silence in Casterbridge was broken in Elizabeth's ear only by the time-piece in the bedroom ticking frantically against the clock on the stairs; ticking harder and harder till it seemed to clang like a gong; and all this while Elizabeth Jane asking herself why she was born, why sitting in a room, and blinking at the candle; why things around her had taken the shape they wore in preference to every other possible shape; why they stared at her so helplessly, as if waiting for the touch of some wand that should release them from terrestrial constraint; what that chaos called consciousness, which spun in her at this moment like a top, tended to, and began in. Her eyes fell together; she was awake, yet she was asleep.

A word from her mother roused her. Without preface, and as the continuation of a scene already progressing in her mind, Mrs. Henchard said: "You remember the note sent to you and Mr. Farfrae—asking you to meet some one in Dummerford Barton—and that you thought it was a trick to make fools of you?"

"Yes."

"It was not to make fools of you—it was done to bring you together. 'Twas I did it."

"Why?" said Elizabeth, with a start.

"I—wanted you to marry Mr. Farfrae."

"Oh, mother!" Elizabeth Jane bent down her head so much that she looked quite into her lap. But as her mother did not go on, she said, "What reason?"

"Well, I had a reason. 'Twill out one day. I wish it could have been in my time. But, there—nothing is as you wish it. Henchard hates him."

"Perhaps they'll be friends again," murmured the girl.

"I don't know—I don't know." After this her mother was silent, and dozed; and she spoke on the subject no more.

Some days after this, Farfrae, in turning over his cupboard, found the letters he had been commissioned to hand to the lady traveller by coach. He thrust them into his great-coat pocket, and, though it was Sunday morning, took them to Henchard's house, to return them to Miss Newson at once. When he got near he saw that the blinds were all down. He rang the bell so softly that it only sounded a single full note and a small one; and then he was informed that Mrs. Henchard was dead—just dead—that very hour. He would not leave the letters, as they were nearly loose; and he wished to explain why he still had them; so he took them back to his cupboard again.

At the town pump there were gathered when he passed a few old inhabitants, who came there for water whenever they had, as at present, spare time to fetch it, because it was purer from the original fount than from their own wells. Mrs. Cuxsom, who had been standing there for an indefinite time with her pitcher, was describing the incidents of Mrs. Henchard's death, as she had learned them from the nurse.

"And she was as white as marble stone," said Mrs. Cuxsom. "And likewise such a thoughtful woman, too—ah, poor soul!—so thoughtful that 'a minded every little thing that wanted tending. 'Yes,' says she, 'when I'm gone, and my last breath's blowed, look in the top drawer o' the chest in the back room by the winder, and you'll find all my coffin clothes; a piece of flannel—that's to put under me, and the little piece is to put under my head; and my new stockings for my feet—they be folded alongside, and all my other things. And there's four ounce pennies, the heaviest I could find, a-tied up in bits of linen, for weights—two for my right eye and two for my left,' she said. 'And when you've used 'em, and my eyes don't open no more, bury the pennies, good souls, and don't ye go spending 'em, for I shouldn't like it. And open the winders as soon as I am carried out, and make it as cheerful as you can for my Elizabeth Jane.'"

"Ah, poor heart!"

"Well, and Martha did it, and buried the ounce pennies in the garden. But if ye'll believe words, that man Christopher Coney went and dug 'em up, and spent 'em at the King o' Prussia. 'Faith,' he said, 'why should death deprive life of fourpence? Death's not of such good report that we should honor him to that extent,' says he."

"'Twas rather a cannibal deed, nevertheless," deprecated her listeners, shaking their heads.

"Gad, then, I won't quite hae it," said Solomon Longways. "I say it to-day, and 'tis a Sunday morning, and I wouldn't speak wrongfully for a silver sixpence at such a time. I don't see harm in it. Baint we all lumps of one mixture, the dead and the living—say? To respect the dead is sound doxology; and I wouldn't sell skellintons—leastwise respectable skellintons—to be varnished for natomies, except I were out o' work. But money is scarce, and throats be dry. Why *should* death deprive life of fourpence? I say there was no treason in it."

"Well, poor soul, she's helpless to hinder that or anything now," answered Mother Cuxsom. "And all her shining keys will be took from her, and her cupboards opened; and things 'a didn't wish seen, anybody will see; and her little ways and wishes will all be as nothing."

CHAPTER XIX.

Henchard and Elizabeth Jane sat conversing by the fire. It was three weeks after Mrs. Henchard's funeral; the candles were not lighted, and a flexuous acrobatic flame, poised on a coal, called from the shady walls all shapes that could respond—the old pier-glass, with gilt columns and huge entablature, the picture frames, sundry knobs and handles, and the brass rosette at the bottom of each ribbon bell-pull on either side of the chimney-piece.

"Elizabeth, do you think much of old times?" said Henchard.

"Yes, sir; often," said she.

"Who do you put in your pictures of 'em?"

"Mother and father—nobody else hardly."

Henchard always looked like one bent on resisting pain when Elizabeth Jane spoke of Richard Newson as "father." "Ah! I am out of all that, am I not?" he said.... "Was Newson a kind father?"

"Yes, sir; very."

Henchard's face settled into an expression of stolid loneliness, which gradually modulated into something softer. "Suppose I had been your real father," he said, "would you have cared for me as much as you care for Richard Newson?"

"I can't think it," she said, quickly. "I can think of no other as my father except my father."

Henchard's wife was dissevered from him by death; his friend and helper Farfrae by estrangement; Elizabeth Jane by ignorance. It seemed to him that only one of them could possibly be recalled, and that was the girl. His mind began vibrating between the wish to reveal himself to her, and the policy of leaving well alone, till he could no longer sit still. He walked up and down, and then he came and stood behind her chair, looking down upon the top of her head. He could no longer restrain his impulse. "What did your mother tell you about me—my history?" he asked.

"That you were related by marriage."

"She should have told more—before you knew me. Then my task would not have been such a hard one....Elizabeth, it is I who am your father, and not Richard Newson. Shame alone prevented your wretched parents from owning this to you while both of 'em were alive."

The back of Elizabeth's head remained still, and her shoulders did not denote even the movements of breathing. Henchard went on: "I'd rather have your scorn, your fear, anything, than your ignorance; 'tis that I hate. Your mother and I were man and wife when we were young. What you saw was our second marriage. Your mother was too honest. We had thought each other dead—and—Newson became her husband."

This was the nearest approach Henchard could make to the full truth. As far as he personally was concerned, he would have screened nothing; but he showed a respect for the young girl's sex and years worthy of a better man.

When he had gone on to give details which a whole series of slight and unregarded incidents in her past life strangely corroborated; when, in short, she believed his story to be true, she became greatly agitated, and turning round to the table, flung her face upon it, weeping.

"Don't cry—don't cry," said Henchard, with vehement pathos. "I can't bear it; I won't bear it. I am your father; why should you cry? Am I so dreadful, so hateful to 'ee? Don't take against me, Elizabeth Jane!" he cried, grasping her wet hand. "Don't 'ee take against me—though I was a drinking man once, and used your mother roughly—I'll be kinder to 'ee than *he* was. I'll do anything if you will only look upon me as your father."

She tried to stand up and to confront him trustfully, but she could not; she was troubled at his presence, like the brethren at the avowal of Joseph.

"I don't want 'ee to come to me all of a sudden," said Henchard, in jerks, and moving like a great tree in a wind. "No, Elizabeth, I don't. I'll go away and not see you till to-morrow, or when you like; and then I'll show 'ee papers to prove my words. There, I am gone and won't disturb 'ee any more.... 'Twas I that chose your name, my daughter; your mother wanted it Susan. There, don't forget 'twas I gave you your name." He went out at the door and shut her softly in, and she heard him go away into the garden. But he had not done. Before she had moved, or in any way recovered from the effect of his disclosure, he reappeared.

"One word more, Elizabeth," he said. "You'll take my surname now—hey? Your mother was against it; but it will be much more pleasant to me. 'Tis legally yours, you know. But nobody need know that. You shall take it as if by choice. I'll talk to my lawyer—I don't know the law of it exactly; but will ye do this—let me put a few lines into the newspaper that such is to be your name?"

"If it is my name I must have it, mustn't I?" she asked.

"Well, well; usage is everything in these matters."

"I wonder why mother didn't wish it?"

"Oh, some whim of the poor soul's. Now get a bit of paper and draw up a paragraph as I shall tell you. But let's have a light."

"I can see by the fire-light," she answered. "Yes—I'd rather."

"Very well."

She got a piece of paper, and bending over the fender, wrote at his dictation words which he had evidently got by heart from some advertisement or other—words to the effect that she, the writer, hitherto known as Elizabeth Jane Newson, was going to call herself Elizabeth Jane Henchard forthwith. It was done, and fastened up, and directed to the office of the *Casterbridge Chronicle*.

"Now," said Henchard, with the blaze of satisfaction that he always emitted when he had carried his point—though tenderness softened it this time—"I'll go upstairs, and hunt for some documents that will prove it all to 'ee. But I won't trouble you with them till to-morrow. Good-night, my Elizabeth Jane."

He was gone before the bewildered girl could realize what it all meant, or adjust her filial sense to the centre of gravity. She was thankful that he had left her to herself for the evening, and sat down over the fire. Here she remained in silence and wept, not for her mother now, but for the genial sailor Richard Newson, to whom she seemed doing a wrong.

Henchard, in the mean time, had gone upstairs. Papers of a domestic nature he kept in a drawer in his bedroom, and this he unlocked. Before turning them over he leaned back and indulged in reposeful thought. Elizabeth Jane was his at last, and she was a girl of such good sense and kind heart that she would be sure to get to like him. He was the kind of man to whom some human object for pouring out his heat upon—were it tender or were it rough—was almost a necessity. The craving of his heart for the reëstablishment of this tenderest human tie had been great during his wife's lifetime, and now he had submitted to its mastery without reluctance and without fear. He bent over the drawer again, and proceeded with his search.

Among the other papers had been placed the contents of his wife's little desk, the keys of which had been handed to him at her request. Here was the letter addressed to him with the restriction, "*Not to be opened till Elizabeth Jane's wedding day.*"

Mrs. Henchard had been no practical scribe. In sealing up the sheet, which was folded and tucked in without an envelope in the old-fashioned way, she had overlaid the junction with a large mass of wax without the requisite under-touch of the same. The seal had cracked, and the letter was open. Henchard had no reason to suppose the restriction one of serious weight, and his feeling for his late wife had not been of the nature of deep respect. "Some trifling fancy or other of poor Susan's, I suppose," he said; and without curiosity he allowed his eyes to scan the letter:

"My dear Michael,—For the good of all three of us, I have kept one thing a secret from you till now. I hope you will understand why; I think you will; though perhaps you may not forgive me. But, dear Michael, I have done it for the best. I shall be in my grave when you read this, and Elizabeth Jane will have a home. Don't curse me, Mike—think of how I was situated. I can hardly write it. Elizabeth Jane is not your Elizabeth Jane—the child who was in my arms when you sold me. No; she died three months after that, and this living one is my other husband's. I christened her by the same name we had given to the first, and she filled up the ache I felt at the other's loss. Michael, I am dying, and I might have held my tongue; but I could not. Tell her husband of this, or not, as you may judge; and forgive, if you can, a woman you once deeply wronged, as she forgives you.

"Susan Henchard."

Her husband regarded the paper as if it were a window-pane through which he saw for miles. His lip twitched, his eye had a flattened aspect, and he seemed to compress his frame, as if to bear better. His usual habit was not to consider whether destiny were hard upon him or not—the shape of his ideas in cases of affliction being simply a moody, "I am to suffer, I perceive." "So much scourging as this, then, is it for me." But now through his passionate head there stormed this thought—that the blasting disclosure was what he had deserved.

His wife's extreme reluctance to have the girl's name altered from Newson to Henchard was now accounted for fully. It furnished another illustration of that honesty in dishonesty which had characterized her in other things.

"Ah—I wonder if it is true!" he said.

He jumped up in an impulse, kicked off his slippers, and went with a candle to the door of Elizabeth Jane's room, where he put his ear to the key-hole and listened. She was breathing profoundly. Henchard softly turned the handle, entered, and shading the light, approached the bedside. Gradually bringing the light from behind a screening curtain, he held it in such a manner that it fell slantwise on her face without shining on her eyes. He steadfastly regarded her features.

They were fair; his were dark. But this was an unimportant preliminary. In sleep there come to the surface buried genealogical traces, ancestral curves, dead men's traits, which the mobility of daytime animation screens and overwhelms. In the present statuesque repose of the young girl's countenance Richard Newson's was unmistakably reflected. He could not endure the sight of her, and hastened away.

Misery taught him nothing more than defiant endurance of it. His wife was dead, and the first devastating impulse for revenge died with the thought that she was beyond him. He looked out at the night with a look as at a fiend. Henchard, like all his kind, was superstitious, and he could not help thinking that the strange concatenation of events this evening had produced was the scheme of some sinister intelligence bent on punishing him. Yet they had developed naturally. If he had not revealed his past history to Elizabeth Jane, he would not have searched the drawer for papers, and so on. The mockery in it all was that he should have no sooner taught a girl to claim the shelter of his paternity than he discovered her to have no kinship with him.

This ironical sequence of things angered him like an impish trick from a fellow-creature. Like Prester John's, his table had been spread, and the infernal harpies had snatched up the food. He went out of the house, and moved sullenly onward down the pavement till he came to the bridge at the bottom of the High Street. Here he turned in upon a by-path on the river-bank skirting the northeastern limits of the town.

These precincts embodied the mournful phases of Casterbridge life, as the south avenues embodied its cheerful moods. The whole way along here was sunless, even in summer-time; in spring white frosts lingered here when other places were steaming with warmth; while in winter it was the very seed-field of all the aches, rheumatisms, and torturing cramps of the year. The Casterbridge doctors must have pined away for want of sufficient nourishment but for the configuration of the landscape on the northeastern side.

The river—slow, noiseless, and dark—the Schwartzwasser of Casterbridge—ran beneath a low cliff, the two together forming a defence which had rendered walls and artificial earthworks on this side unnecessary. Here were ruins of a Franciscan priory, and a mill attached to the same, the water of which roared down a back hatch like the voice of desolation. Above the cliff and behind the river rose a pile of buildings, and in front of the pile a square mass cut into the sky. It was like a pedestal lacking its statue. This missing feature, without which the design remained incomplete, was, in truth, the corpse of a man; for the square mass formed the base of the gallows, the extensive buildings at the back being the county jail. In the meadow where Henchard now walked the mob were wont to gather whenever an execution took place, and there, to the tune of the roaring weir, they stood and watched the spectacle.

The exaggeration which darkness imparted to the glooms of this region impressed Henchard more than he had expected. The lugubrious harmony of the spot with his domestic situation was too perfect for him, impatient of effects, scenes, and adumbrations. It reduced his heart-burning to melancholy, and he exclaimed, "Why the deuce did I come here!" He went on past the cottage in which the old local hangman had lived and died, in times before that calling was monopolized by a single gentleman, and climbed up by a steep back lane into the town.

Pride had come to his aid. He would not care. After a rumination on parentage, and the usual sentiment about blood and kin, he had concluded that it had no ground in reason, and that he would regard Elizabeth Jane as his daughter, just as before. He would cherish her as his own, would never reënlighten her after what he had said; he would be to her a father, she should be to him a daughter, in sheer defiance of the untoward course of things. To make conditions, not accept them, was his customary conduct.

But a will that had worked powerfully in affairs of trade was not so operative in emotional relations. Henchard was a man of strong feeling, deprived of objects for its indulgence, though always seeking them; and it hit him hard that this child of his, as he had deemed her, upon whose ultimate attachment to himself as her father he had, as a final throw, staked all the sunshine of his future, should be revealed as spurious. After the heat of the wound had passed off, came its inevitable ache and anguish.

For the sufferings of that night, engendered by his bitter disappointment, he might well have been pitied. He was like one who had half fainted, and could neither recover nor complete the swoon. In words he could blame his wife, but not in his heart; and had he obeyed the wise directions outside her letter, this pain would have been spared him for long—possibly forever, Elizabeth Jane seeming to show no ambition to quit her safe and secluded maiden courses for the speculative path of matrimony.

The morning came after this night of unrest, and with it the necessity for a course. He was far too self-willed to recede from a position, especially as it would involve humiliation. His daughter he had asserted her to be, and his daughter she should always think herself, no matter what hypocrisy it involved. But he was ill prepared for the first step in this new situation. The moment he came into the breakfast-room Elizabeth Jane advanced with open confidence to him, and took him by the arm.

"I have thought and thought all night of it," she said, frankly. "And I see that everything must be as you say. And I am going to look upon you as the father that you are, and not call you Mr. Henchard any more. It is so plain to me now. Indeed, father, it is; for of course you would not have done half the things you have done for me, and let me have my own way so entirely, and bought me presents, if I had only been your step-daughter. He—Mr. Newson—whom my poor mother married by such a strange mistake" (Henchard was glad that he had disguised matters here) "was very kind—oh, so kind!" (She spoke with tears in her eyes.) "But that is not the same thing as being one's real father, after all. Now, father, breakfast is ready," she said, cheerfully.

Henchard bent and kissed her cheek. The moment and the act he had contemplated for weeks with a thrill of pleasure; yet it was no less than a vast miserable insipidity to him now that it had come. His reinstallation of her mother had been chiefly for the girl's sake, and the fruition of the whole scheme was such dust and ashes as this!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT THE EARTH THINKS.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

I AM threatened with a comet,
With the all-absorbing sun;
Told that I shall slowly burn out,
As my own fair moon has done;
Warned of coming conflagrations
That will seize me unaware:
Can I fear annihilation,
After what I daily bear?

Pelted constantly with hailstones,
Fiercely shook by hurricanes,
Thrown by whirlwinds topsy-turvy,
Nearly drowned by constant rains,
Growled at day and night by thunder,
Pierced by lightning everywhere,
Nipped with frosts, until I scarcely
Know if I am round or square.

Out all night in freezing weather,
Under tropic suns all day,
Dug and struck with ploughs and shovels,
Scratched with harrows every way.
Beaten down for streets and highways,
Galloped over day and night,
With steam-engines burned and scalded,
Kept in a continual fright.

Deeper wounds than these I suffer—
I am mined and bored and hit,
Torn by dynamite and powder,
Blown to pieces bit by bit.
I've seen comets without number,
And they always keep their sphere;
It is man that makes me tremble—
Restless, curious man, I fear.

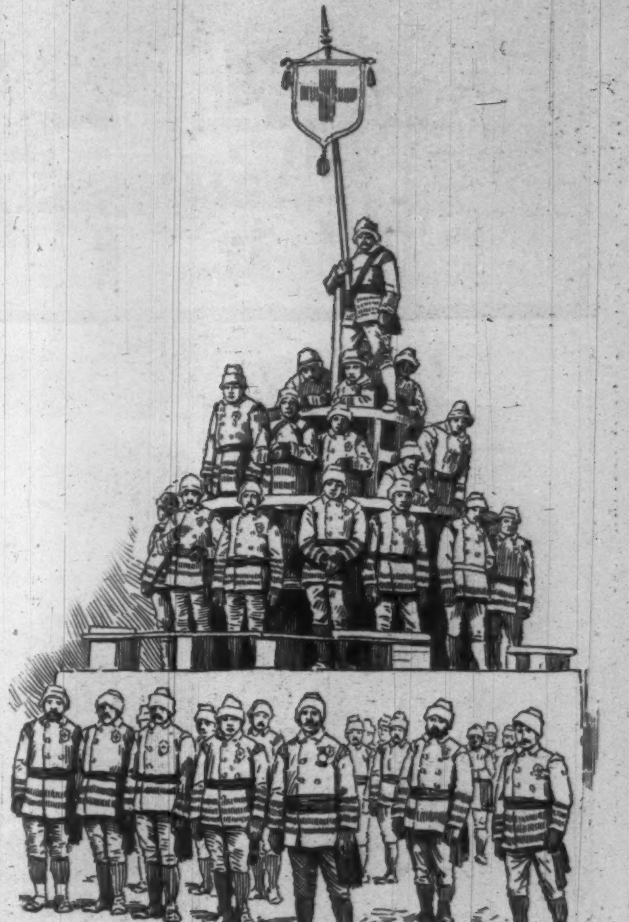
For I know some day or other
He will find a stronger "force,"
Wondrous chemicals discover,
And the end will be, of course,
I shall have my shattered remnants
Blown away like any feather;
Yet I have one consolation—
Probably we'll go together.

THE ST. PAUL ICE PALACE.

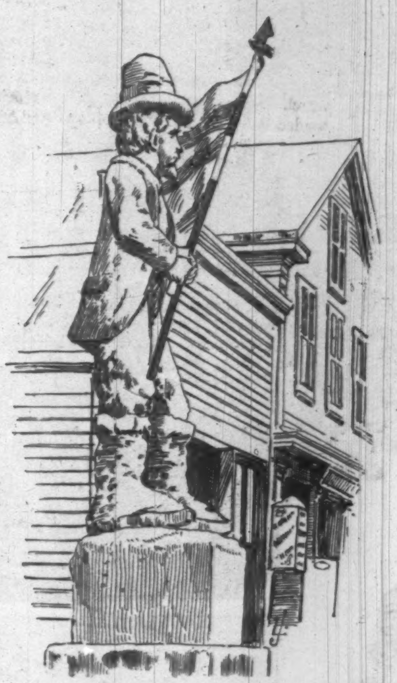
It is an ill wind, etc. If small-pox had not broken out in Montreal, St. Paul would never—or not, at least, this winter—have had her ice palace. As soon as Minneapolis decided (early last fall) to hold an annual exposition, St. Paul made up her mind that she too must have some great yearly attraction. The Montreal epidemic, compelling the abandonment of the winter carnival at that place, gave St. Paul her opportunity, which she seized at once and with enthusiasm, and has proceeded to make the most of it in a complete and business-like way. No small amount of pluck, as well as a considerable quantity of hard work and expenditure of money, has been necessary to carry the project through in the face of, at times, sadly disheartening conditions. To commence with, no sooner had St. Paul announced her intention to make good use of the ice crop than the weather evinced a determination not to supply any ice crop this year. It was absurd—walking about without an overcoat in Minnesota in December; but it was also very provoking. Christmas found the Mississippi River reflecting a bright warm sun in its still running waters. The date of the opening of the palace had to be postponed from New-Year's Day to the 1st of February; and as soon as that was done, the weather—satisfied presumably with the vexation it had caused—changed, and the ice closed over the river and thickened an inch a day.

Then some maliciously minded person spread a report that the weather was too cold for ice to endure, and that if it were left in the open air for any length of time it would inevitably be frozen and crumble away. The alarm consequent upon this rumor was no sooner disposed of than an awful entomological nightmare arose. It was whispered round that the voracious ice-bug had found its way into the foundations of the palace, and was slowly but surely undermining it. The ice-bug spectre was only exorcised to make way for a dry-rot scare, and before that had been finally dissipated, the story went abroad that the palace had suddenly caught fire by spontaneous combustion (the ice having been incautiously stacked while it was green), and been totally destroyed.

Meanwhile the Carnival Association of St. Paul, which had the building in charge, and was generously backed by the people of the city, confined itself strictly to business, and as a result of its hard work the president, Mr. GEORGE R. FINCH, was enabled to hand over completed to the Mayor, as the representative of the people of the city, the largest and probably the most effectively designed ice palace that the world has yet seen. The building covers an area of 160 by 150 feet, and stands, to the top of the central tower, 130 feet high. Such a structure can hardly be judged by strict architectural canons, and certainly there never was any castle of stone of such a shape. It is one riotous vision of towers. Looked at from any point of view, it presents as a front a congeries of turrets and towers and bastions. Life in such a castle would be a monotony of climbing spiral staircases. But the ice palace is not meant to live in, but to look at. And standing on a piece of rising ground which dominates the city, and where it is equally conspicuous from both sides of the broad Mississippi, it answers its end admirably. At night, when the whole structure from wing to wing, from gateway to castellated battlements, is ablaze within and without with electric light, the effect is delightful, and one has it not in one's heart to wish one tower away. Singularly unreal and fairy-like it looks, with its alternations of dazzling light and half-translucent greens, more like the castles of the lord of some Northland Cloud-Cuckoo-Town, or the keep of the giants that Thor and Vafthrudner visited in Norse myth, than a building which has been put together by mere mortal masons with saws and ice-tongs and derricks. When, too, as on the opening day, round the base of the tower, filling in the courts and crowding round the outer walls, surges a sea of brilliant-colored snow-shoe and toboggan club uniforms, one need not be all asleep to dream his Majesty Borealis I. a real potentate of flesh and blood, and this his normal home.

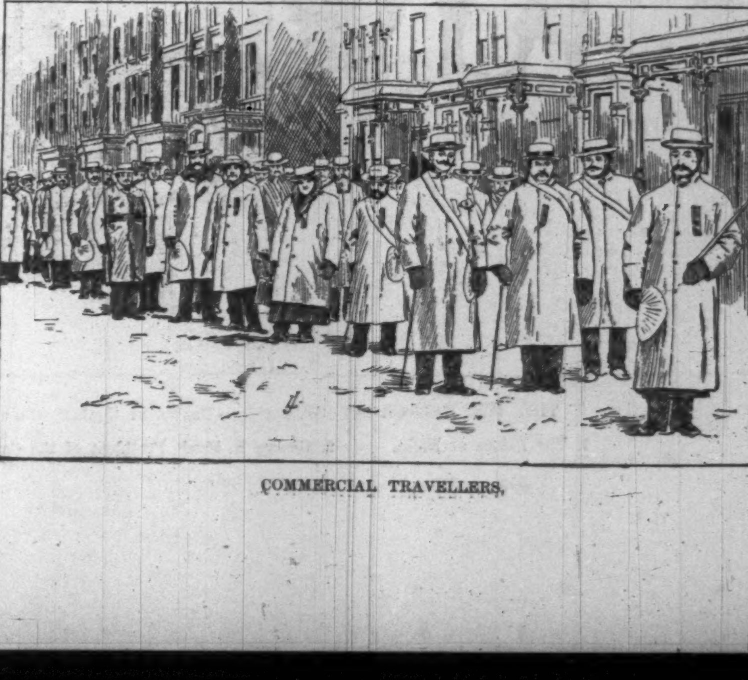


PYRAMID OF SIXTY MEN.

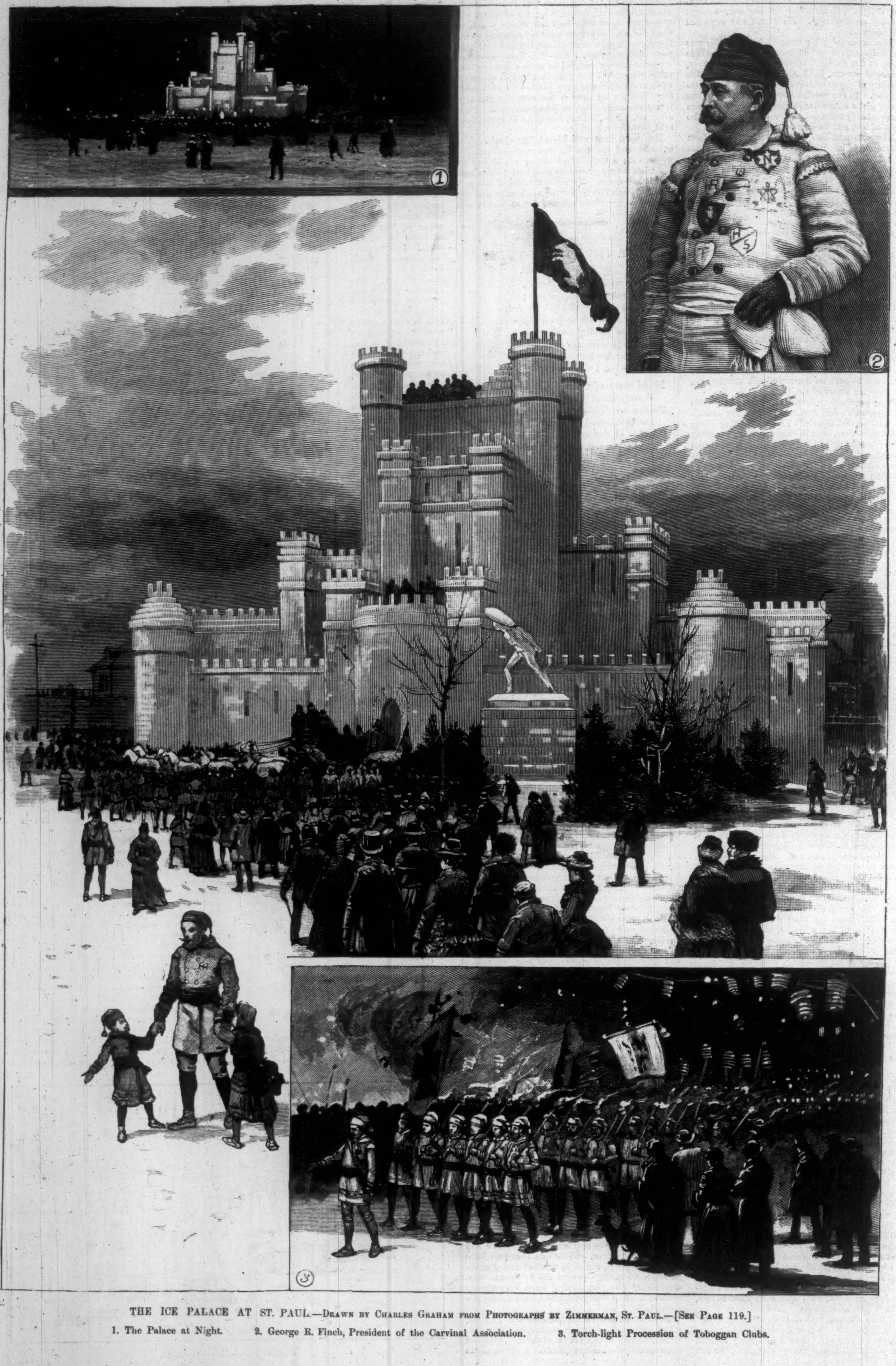


ONE OF THE STATUES.

For the whole city has given itself up, heart and pocket and hand, to the spirit of carnival. In the procession to the opening ceremonies (notwithstanding that the thermometer marked 20° below zero) some four thousand men and women, in gorgeous blanket costumes of red and white and blue and yellow, were in line. The unit of population now is not the individual or the family, but the club. The city is a mere aggregation of clubs, and every club—Wakouta, Wawa, Koko-koho, Nushka, Makwa—has its brilliant uniform. The ice palace itself is no more than a landmark—a sign-post. It stands as a May-pole round which the sports are to revolve—a glorified poster, "Here's where the fun takes place." Among the humors of the opening was a procession of commercial travellers, irrepressible drummers, clothed outside of their warm woollens in dusters, wearing straw hats, and languidly waving palm-leaf fans with mittened hands. "Borealis *Rex*" has for a fortnight been supreme, and his carnival crew of ice sprites and genii of the Northern Lights have turned the whole business of the Northwest upsidedown, the festivities being made faster and more furious toward the end of the fortnight by the apprehension of a thaw. Balls, masquerades, receptions, banquets, tobogganings, races, baseball matches on snow-shoes, processions of real Indians equipped for the march, curling contests, skating matches—for there wheat and "produce" and jobbing and dry-goods are forgotten, and the whole place (or two places, for Minneapolis seems hardly less lunatic than St. Paul) has devoted nights after days and days after nights to revel.

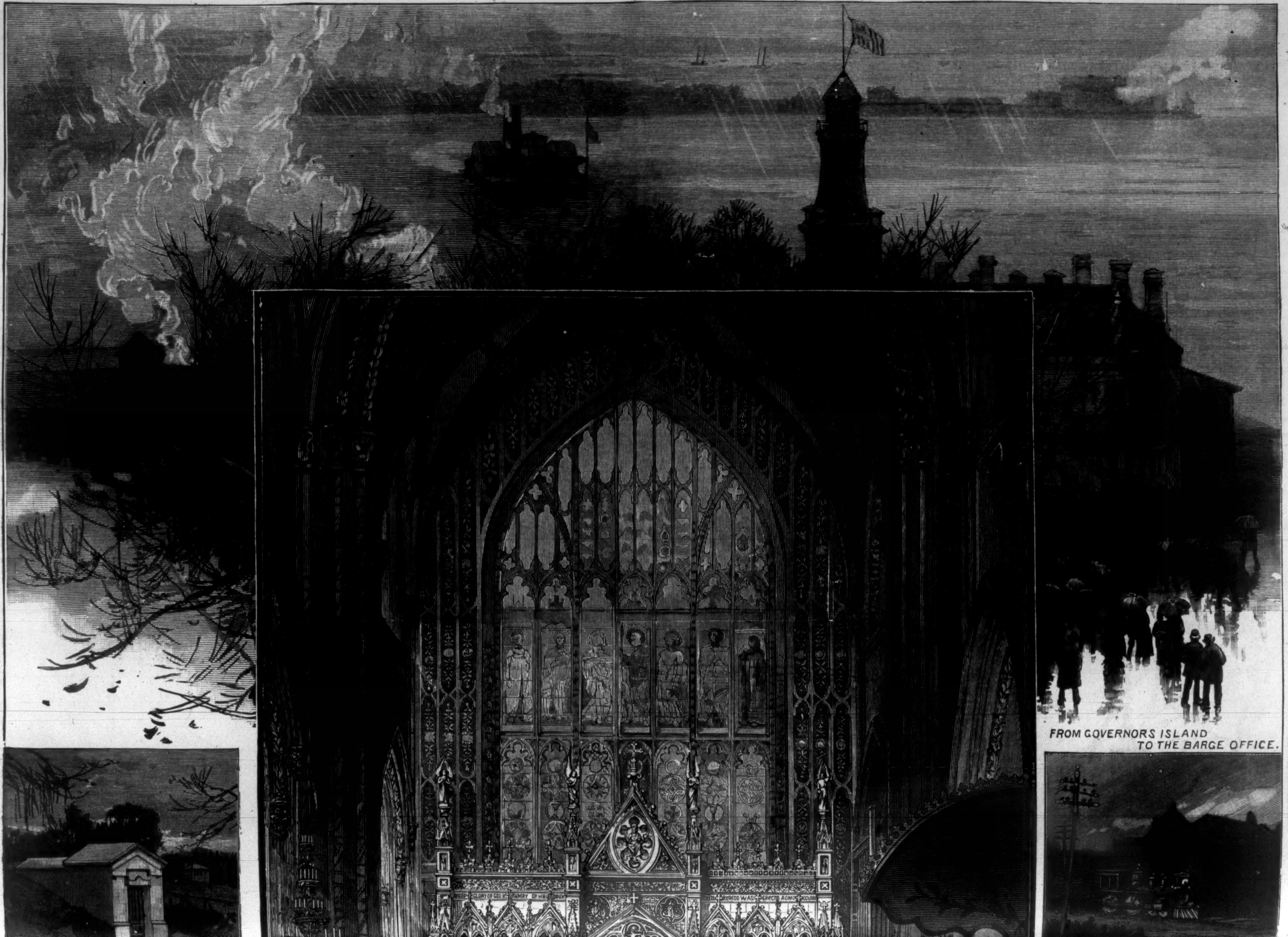


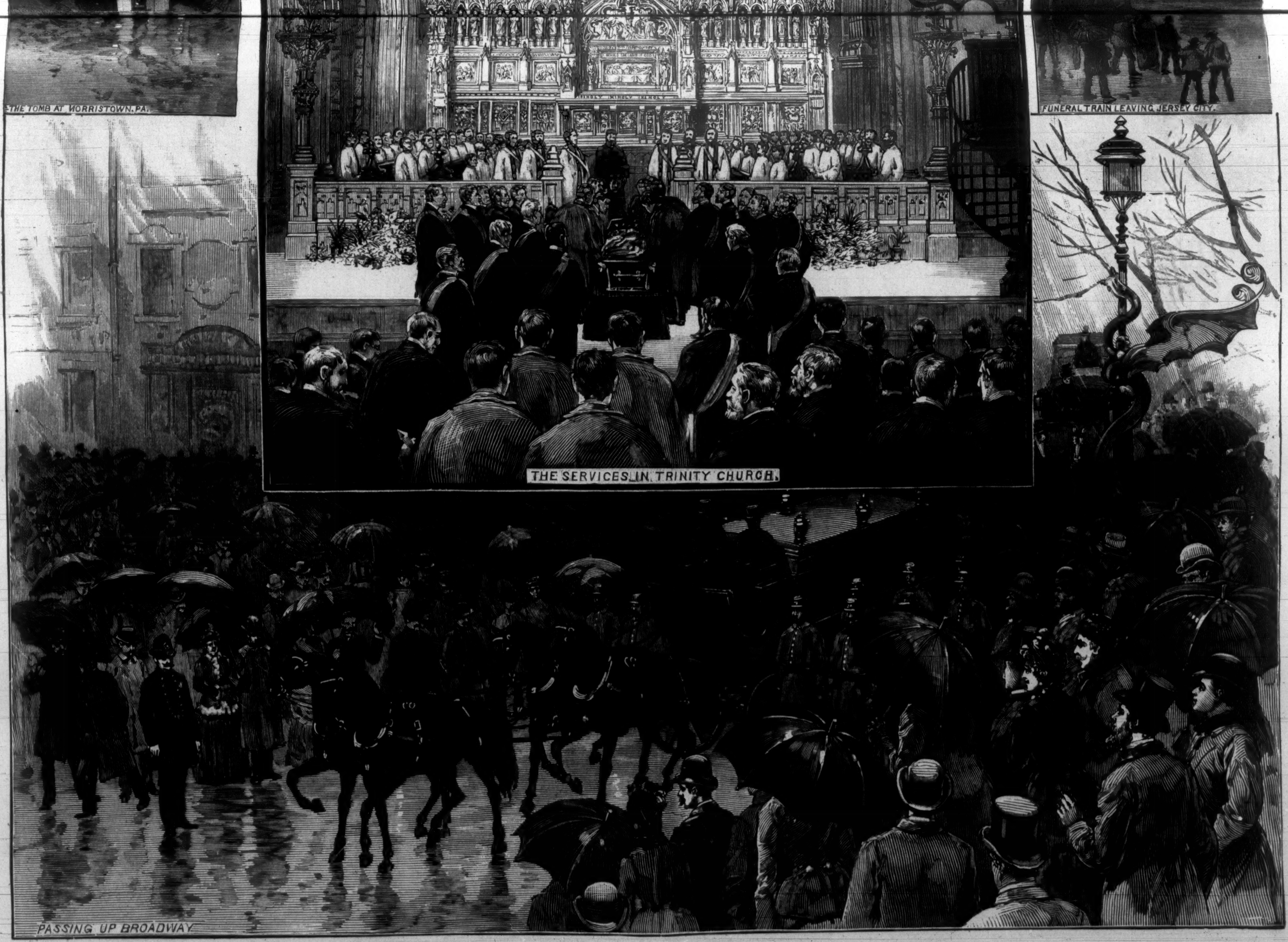
COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS.



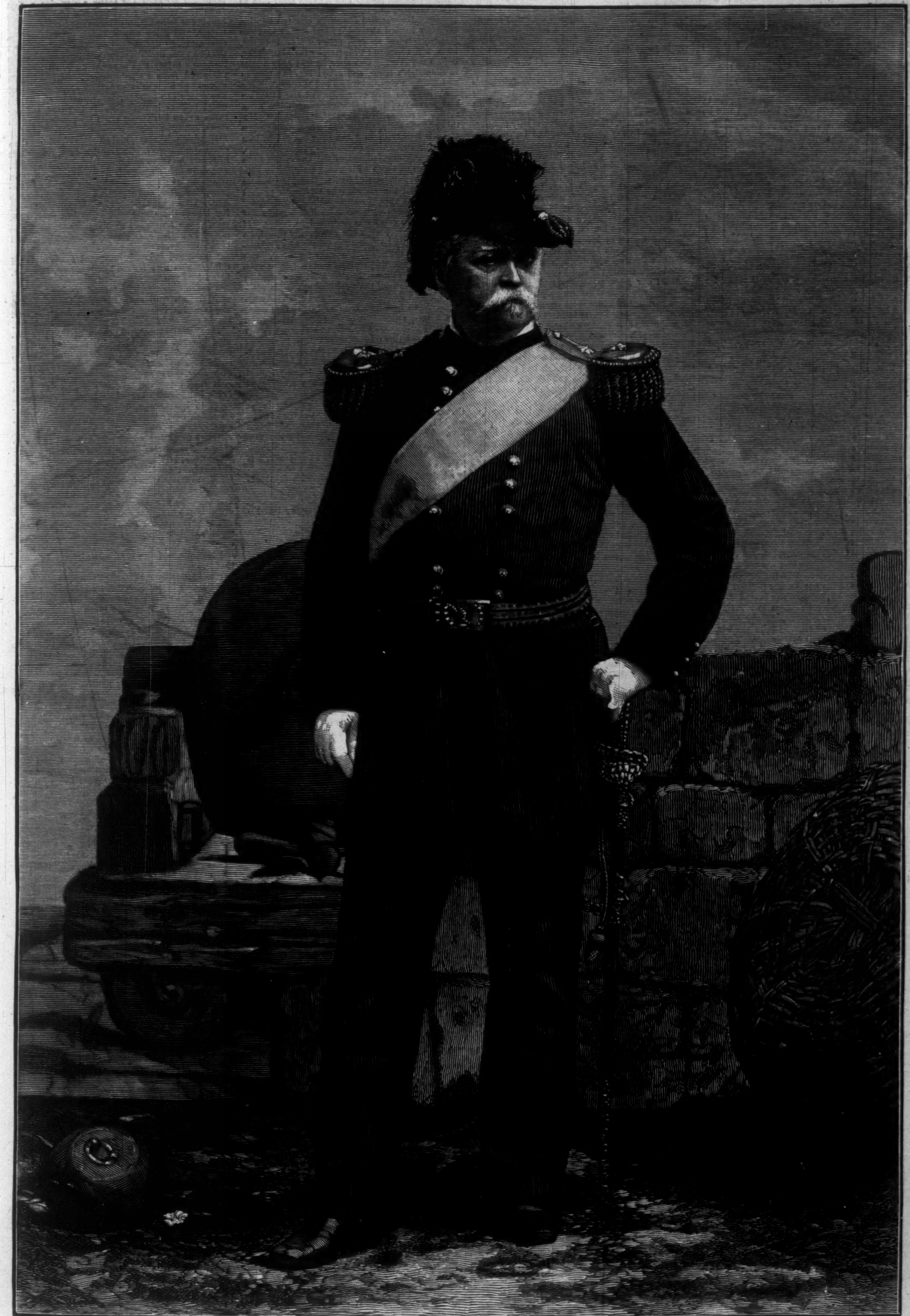
THE ICE PALACE AT ST. PAUL.—Drawn by Charles Graham from Photographs by Zimmerman, St. Paul.—[See Page 119.]

1. The Palace at Night. 2. George R. Finch, President of the Carnival Association. 3. Torch-light Procession of Toboggan Clubs.


FROM GOVERNORS ISLAND
TO THE BARGE OFFICE.


THE TOMB AT NORRISTOWN, PA.
THE SERVICES IN TRINITY CHURCH.
FUNERAL TRAIN LEAVING JERSEY CITY.
PASSING UP BROADWAY.

THE FUNERAL OF GENERAL HANCOCK.—Drawn by Charles Graham, W. P. Snyder, and John Durkin.



GENERAL HANCOCK.—Photographed by Mora.—[See Page 123.]

A ROMANCE OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

"Black velvet and scarlet japonicas would be becoming."

"Very; you would be—irresistible, I should say."

"You are too provoking, Catherine. I don't believe you are listening to a word I say, though it may be of so much importance to us."

"Don't say 'us,' Imogene. I have no part in the affair, and I do not believe that papa will be so foolish as to ask him."

"Yes, papa will. And why 'foolish,' if you please?"

"We have nothing suitable for a fine English lord. Have we not read in *Lothair* about their splendid houses and royal dinners and perfect servants? Think of the dreadful newness of our great wood house, its red and blue velvet furniture, our shuffling, untidy negroes, and our half-and-half fine dinners! My lord would tolerate us a few days, and then go back to England and put us in a book, to be 'food for mirth.' We are not fit company for him, Imogene; that's the end of it."

"'Fit company!' What are you talking about? Papa is an American Senator, and if that does not make him peer of any English lord, what is the use of our having any Senators? You may as well submit, Catherine. Lord Hythe is coming here; *I feel it;* my presentiments are never wrong."

"That settles the question. Who can contend against fate?"

"There is the dinner bell; you will be late, as usual."

"You need not wait for me."

"I don't intend to. Papa likes to be punctual, and I have reasons for pleasing him to-day. You will miss your dinner."

"I want to miss some of it. I know what Dinorah's soup is—red pepper and onions. I shall be down for the turkey and pudding."

Fortunately the Senator had just received very good news from his mine; in fact, he was standing on the hearth-rug figuring up the probable net results of a lucky stroke when Imogene entered the room. Her great beauty struck him with a new sense of pleasure and power. He bethought him of taking her to Washington, and of the sensation she would make there. He could well afford himself and her that luxury now.

Imogene readily divined that the influences were favorable to her scheme, and she did all she could to strengthen them. The Senator found all his opinions acceded to; he was praised and flattered and waited on, until he was in that mood of self-complacency which renders any man a woman's "most obedient servant."

Catherine was now disposed to take the winning side. She had thought over Imogene's idea while dressing, and it promised more pleasure than annoyance. If the lord laughed, she could laugh too; she felt quite able to pay him back in his own coin, whatever that coin might be.

So when Imogene broached the subject, it was predestined to succeed. "You see, papa, the party are at St. Louis now, and Lord Hythe wants to cross the plains and hunt a few weeks in the Rocky Mountains, and our house is just the place for him to stay. You know all the game trails, and he might like to see the mines, and then how nice it would be to have a lord in the house! He has been staying at Belle Sayer's. I had a letter from her to-day, and she is just wild about him. Colonel Sayer is only a common farmer, while you, papa, are the finest gentleman in the world, I think."

The Senator was touched at this compliment; besides, he was really proud of his house. It was the largest in the State, and had been furnished, regardless of expense, by the best upholsterer in St. Louis. He rather thought it would astonish any lord to find on the outskirts of a thousand miles of desert such a dwelling, and such beauty and intellect in it. To do the Senator justice, this pride immediately took a national character; his country's glory as much as his personal pride mingled in the feeling of exultation which he foresaw he should have in the foreigner's admiration and astonishment.

So Imogene won her desire easily. The Senator wrote to St. Louis, and in a style of almost Oriental courtesy placed his house, with all its sporting privileges, at the service of Lord Hythe and his party; and having done so, waited with almost more impatience than his daughter his lordship's reply.

It was highly satisfactory. "My lord was charmed with such gracious kindness, and would accept it for himself and for his friend Mr. Shipleigh, an enthusiastic artist, who was as desirous of sketching in the Rocky Mountains as he was of hunting in them. The rest of his party had determined on a return to England before the approach of bad weather, and but for the Senator's offer, my lord and Mr. Shipleigh would hardly have dared a trip over the wilderness and a sojourn within the shadow of the Rocky Mountains."

This letter was felt to be the precursor of great events. The Senator, who imagined himself a superlative letter-writer, was highly flattered at the success of his epistle, and immediately began to get his guns in order, and make arrangements for comfortable sojourns in those excursions which would take them beyond the luxuries of his own home. Imogene took steps at once to realize the special toilet she had decided on for the momentous first impression—black velvet and scarlet japonicas; and though Catherine pretended indifference to his lordship's advent, she was so far influenced by the general excitement as to superintend a thorough house-cleaning, and a new arrangement of the objectionably brilliant furniture.

It was a pleasant two weeks' interval to all parties, for anticipated joys have very few drawbacks; we arrange everything *then* on the principle of reckoning without our host. What bucks and bears were killed beforehand, what quantities of ducks were shot and antelopes chased in imagination, and what famous discussions on politics and social economics were supposed by the good-hearted Senator, it would be impossible to tell.

Much more impossible to describe Imogene's anxieties and triumphs on toilet questions, her dreams of conquest, and her conversations with Catherine as to little proprieties and conventionalisms. In fact, Catherine was the only indifferent person in the whole house, and Imogene declared that her indifference was founded on purely personal reasons. She was careless about Lord Hythe because she had found in Louis Saltonstall her ideal of mankind, and she was careless about her dress because, Louis having admired her in a certain navy blue silk, she had settled down definitely to that color.

At any rate, when the eventful day arrived, Catherine arrayed herself with neither more nor less care than was her usual habit, though the Senator donned his best evening suit, and Imogene was shut up with her velvet and japonicas a good hour before the usual dressing time.

Alas! our most prudently laid anticipations are sometimes doomed to "gang a-gley." The Senator's carriage returned from the depot with only one of the expected party in it. Lord Hythe had been detained in St. Louis by a visit from his family lawyer, who had business of such importance with him that it had not been thought prudent to trust it to the delays and uncertainties of correspondence, and Mr. Shipleigh had therefore brought my lord's apologies and regrets, with the assurance that as soon as possible he would follow his friend.

The Senator's kind heart went out as eagerly to one stranger as to another. My lord's friend was just as welcome as my lord, and before long he had lost every sense of disappointment, and was chatting gayly on cañons and gorges and bear-hunting; for this Mr. Shipleigh was a handsome, pleasant fellow, who was by no means so devoted to his easel that he could not handle a gun and talk enthusiastically on sporting matters.

It was Catherine who brought to Imogene the disappointing tidings. She had, with her father, met their guest at the door, and made the young artist's acquaintance in the pleasant *empressement* of a Southwestern welcome. "And he is just as handsome and agreeable as possible, Imogene. I was at home with him at once."

"But he is not Lord Hythe, Catherine, and just see now becoming my dress is! It is too bad. I have a great mind to take it off and save it."

"Oh no, I wouldn't. Lord Hythe's friend is next thing to Lord Hythe. You know men talk so to one another, and he is sure to write to St. Louis."

"That is true; and besides, as I have had a disappointment in the dress, I sha'n't care for it again. I never do—horrid old unlucky thing!" and she looked ruefully at the splendid toilet on whose effects she had built so many hopes.

"Never mind, dear; you had a good time planning it, and this Mr. Shipleigh is really a very fine fellow. Papa seems ever so much pleased with him, and Lord Hythe is to follow in a week or two. We have his friend as hostage, you know."

"Very well; in the mean time I shall take care of the hostage. You don't mind if I do, Catherine?"

"Not a bit. This maid's 'light fancy' does not turn to artists."

Imogene did not answer. She was taking a final survey of her charms before putting their power to the test. And the survey ought to have assured her. There was conquest in her dark, luminous eyes, soft and shady, in her white skin, never needing powder, in her pink cheeks, never needing paint, in her brilliant look of perfect health, in the enchantment of her graceful movements, and in the exquisite toilet, which rose almost into the regions of science and art.

When she entered the parlors her father and Mr. Shipleigh were standing together at the upper end. The Senator was exhibiting a rifle, and enthusiastically dilating on its excellences, and Mr. Shipleigh was examining it with scarcely less interest. He was a tall, blond, handsome young Saxon, with a very frank, pleasant face. As Imogene advanced, her father perceived her presence, and with a thrill of pride advanced to meet her. The artist had thus a moment in which to observe her wonderful beauty and graceful movements, and he was so intent on this occupation that he scarcely did himself justice in the introduction, for he muttered some nonsense about "the fair Imogene," and then, blushing and thoroughly ashamed of himself, retreated to the Englishman's stronghold, the hearth-rug.

But a handsome man's confusion before a beautiful woman is never disagreeable to her. Imogene accepted the tribute to her charms, and then speedily found means to restore Mr. Shipleigh to Mr. Shipleigh's good opinion of himself; so that, before dinner was over, the little party were quite at home and well disposed to think highly of each other.

During the evening Mr. Louis Saltonstall made his appearance. He had been told that Lord Hythe was expected, and had come prepared to assert the most radical democratic principles. He had told Catherine that he considered himself the equal of any lord, and that he was not going to allow himself to be "put down"; and the little woman had encouraged him in his self-assertion and rank republican ideas.

But when Louis found that his antagonist was only an artist, the provocation to battle was removed. He hardly thought Mr. Shipleigh "a foeman worthy of his steel." Louis Saltonstall had been Attorney-General, and was now looking toward a seat in Congress: it was not likely he should trouble himself about a man whose lot in life was to make pictures—perhaps take likenesses—for the lawyer had no very clear idea as to the dividing line between photography and art proper. He watched Shipleigh keenly as to his behavior toward Catherine; but seeing that the Englishman had no eyes save for Miss Imogene, he was not inclined to quarrel with him. Nay, before the evening was over, he had sung a bass to Shipleigh's tenor, and asked him to "look in and smoke a cigar with him in his office."

Perhaps no man ever accepted the attention and service of his fellow-creatures more as a matter of course than did Arthur Shipleigh. Nothing except the grandeur of the mountain gorges and the beauty of Imogene ever excited in him any enthusiasm. The comforts of his lodgings, the successes or failures of the chase, the likes or dislikes of those with whom he came in contact, the annoyances of bad weather, the failure of plans—all these things he took with perfect *sang-froid* as part of an unavoidable existence.

In the course of a week he had become the person whom every one delighted to honor. If he was not away with his gun or his pencil, he could generally be found the centre of an admiring group in the post-office or the hotel bar. His opinions on sporting matters and on horses were held in high esteem; and he even succeeded in converting many of the wealthier sort to his opinions about a limited monarchy and a landed aristocracy. In fact, he was so well liked that there was a tacit agreement to avoid mentioning the fact that he was only an artist; and when it was forced upon them by a magnificent picture of their own particular portion of the Rocky Mountains, and of a fine painted specimen of their own particular Indian plague, they charitably agreed to ignore this weak point in such a really good fellow as Mr. Shipleigh.

They were so happy in the Senator's house that they began to fear the advent of Lord Hythe would break up the charming life they had fallen into. This fear was strengthened by the fact that Mr. Shipleigh was very loath to say anything definite about my lord. Imogene had asked if he was handsome, and Mr. Shipleigh had frankly admitted that "he was considered a fine-looking fellow."

"Was he good?"

"Well, all men had faults, and Hythe had his share."

"Was he clever?"

"Yes, about horses and sporting matters."

"Was he good-natured?"

"Not worse than his neighbors, perhaps."

"I hate a man who can talk about his friend in that way," said Catherine, indignantly; "and I wish Lord Hythe would come and put Arthur Shipleigh, artist, down a peg or two."

But Catherine's wish was doomed to further disappointment. Lord Hythe had been offered some investments of such superlative desirability in New York that he had decided on returning East to investigate the tempting offers made him. Imogene thought Mr. Shipleigh was very glad of my lord's detention, and in a half-petulant way said so, and then, in some way that agitated without offending her, Shipleigh had admitted that he was glad. It was evident that he feared a rival, and was jealous of my lord's advantages, and Imogene was—well, she was very happy at this discovery.

Catherine watched the two curiously. It was evident that they were both deeply in love; then why did they not tell each other so, and arrange for a comfortable courtship, with a reasonable marriage in perspective? It was decidedly the most straightforward and respectable way, and Louis and she had thus avoided all the doubts and fears of an unacknowledged love. But some men love to torment themselves, and in this species of amusement Englishmen are proficients.

While things were in this pleasantly uncertain condition the Senator and his guest went out one day to shoot ducks. There had been a frost, and snow lay white on the higher ranges, but the lake to which they were going was only five miles away. Mr. Shipleigh proposed walking the distance, and with some doubts the Senator agreed to the proposal. Toward the middle of the afternoon their servant was well loaded with birds, and they began to turn their faces homeward, beguiling the way with many a story and hearty laugh. Suddenly the Senator pulled out his field-glass, and scanned the horizon with an anxious face.

"Yonder are a small party of Indians, Shipleigh," he said. "I suppose they are some of the Utes whom we saw in the village yesterday."

"Dirty, inoffensive little beggars."

"We may find them more offensive than we shall like. See that your rifle and side-arms are in order, Shipleigh."

Shipleigh obeyed the command without the least sign of anxiety or curiosity. He had talked with the tribe the day before, and had formed such a contemptuous opinion of them that he was scarcely disturbed at their approach. But they soon caused his calm gray eyes to open wide with astonishment and anger as his mind received, like the shock of lightning, the conviction that he would have to fight for his life.

It was a very hard fight; there were seven Utes against the three white men, and one of these almost unarmed. The ground was mountainous, and behind the projecting cliffs it was quite possible other Indians lay in ambush. But they were resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible, and very likely this would have been the only favor granted them had not the firing and their shouts attracted the attention of some herdsmen seeking stray horses among the hills. Never was human help more needed than theirs. The Senator had been wounded in the cheek, and was faint from loss of blood; indeed, when the rescuing party came up, he had sunk to the ground, and the Englishman was defending with a desperate bravery the body of his helpless companion.

That they were saved was the last impression Shipleigh received for many a day, for a shot from the retreating Indians laid him senseless beside his friend. Fortunately the herdsmen had horses, and there was a ranch scarcely half a mile away, so that help was soon procured, and the two wounded men taken carefully home. The Senator's injury was a slight one, and he soon recovered from its exhaustion; but Shipleigh's wound was a much more serious affair. The ball was difficult to extract; fever, delirium, and the usual tedious healing process followed, and for many weeks the young artist lay prostrate in his room.

Shipleigh, however, had a better physician than every one knew of. One morning the stupor left him, and he came to himself again—very weak, and only dimly comprehending the situation in which he lay; but by-and-by the forms of Imogene, Catherine, and the Senator became clear to him. They were talking in whispers by a fire on the hearth-stone, and as he watched them Imogene's eyes responded to his eager glance. She glided to his side, and stooped tenderly toward him.

"Imogene! beloved Imogene! I am dying, I think. You may let me tell you now, sweetest, how I love you."

Then in whispers, with tears dropping from her great brown eyes upon his face, Imogene said words which brought light again into the sick man's eyes and the desire for life into his heart.

His convalescence was not unhappy. The Senator hovered round him with numberless little attentions, and every bit of interesting news he could pick up, and the girls waited on his lightest wishes, and even anticipated them. Catherine, it is true, being the Senator's housekeeper, and Louis Saltonstall's betrothed, had many interruptions to her service, but Imogene and Arthur Shipleigh never regarded her absences unfavorably.

What these two young people found to say to each other, hour after hour, day after day, week after week, is a mystery only few are given to understand; but the Senator must have been the blindest of men if he had not anticipated the confession which Mr. Shipleigh made to him the very first night he was allowed again to take his seat at his host's dining-table.

The answer was a little reserved. "You saved my life, Shipleigh, and I cannot refuse you my daughter."

"But, sir, not for gratitude alone. I hoped that you had a respect—a real liking for me."

"I have—I have, Shipleigh. But, to be frank, I had hoped better things for Imogene. A man likes his girl to do well in money matters."

Shipleigh's face fell. "I am not poor," he said, "and I have a very good profession."

"Well, well, let the painting business go. We must get you something better to do. You are young and handsome, with a heart as good as gold, and—hang it! Arthur Shipleigh, you are welcome to Imogene."

So the two men shook hands with a hearty grip and very dim eyes, and from that moment Imogene's marriage was considered a very satisfactory affair. But somehow these imprudent, foolishly-in-love young people could not be persuaded to wait until their house was built and furnished. Catherine and the ex-Attorney-General talked and talked and talked to them; but "Arthur wished to be married immediately and go back to England, and Imogene wished to do whatever Arthur wanted."

So the Senator, like a wise father, accepted the situation he could not help, and made great preparations for the wedding.

No one had lately spoken of Lord Hythe, but Imogene noticed that Arthur directed no cards for him. The friendship, such as it was, had evidently died a natural death; and a faint blush stole over her cheeks as she remembered her little plan of six months ago, and how differently it had terminated; for even in all her bridal loveliness she had no higher hope than to be worthy of the noble heart who had chosen her. To-day she would have thought it no higher honor to be Lady Hythe than to be Arthur Shipleigh's wife. Such thoughts were in her heart as Catherine half tearfully dressed her in the pearly satin and lace that made her toilet. Strangely enough, Arthur's first words, as he held her in his arms a moment before the ceremony, were, "Lord Hythe may be here any moment, Imogene."

"How singular!" But Arthur saw with delight that her interest was scarcely roused, and that she had neither eyes nor thoughts for any one but himself.

"My lord may come now," he said, triumphantly; "I care not how soon."

In a few minutes the solemn words were spoken, and Arthur and Imogene were man and wife. There was a pleasant murmur and flutter, the sound of kindly kisses and low laughter, and amid it the signing of papers. Few paid any attention to the latter form. Arthur Shipleigh wrote something a little hastily, glanced into his wife's eyes, and put the pen in her hand. She signed her old name without a regret for its being the last time, seeing only the tender face that bent beside her.

But ex-Attorney-General Saltonstall laid his finger on a signature, and pointed it out to the Senator. Then instantly there was a momentary hush, and the radiant bridegroom, taking advantage of it, said, proudly, "My father and my friends, the signature is quite correct. I am Arthur Shipleigh, Baron of Hythe." Then there was a little storm of applause, and my lady Imogene rose grandly to the situation, and accepted it with such a beautiful pride in her love that not a woman in the assembly envied her in that hour her unexpected honor.

Perhaps the only dissatisfied person was the Senator. He had a sense of injury that demanded some apology; and when the company was gone, and the bride with her sister preparing for her journey, he said, almost reproachfully: "Arthur, you have not treated me well. I am an American Senator, sir. I do not like even an English lord to steal into my house under false colors."

But Lord Hythe's excuses were ready: he had wanted to taste what real life was, and hoped in the great West, as a simple gentleman, to stand on his own merits. The temptation to win Imogene on that ground had been irresistible. In love and war all stratagems are lawful, and, upon the whole, he made out so good a case for himself that it was impossible to resist his arguments and his frank smile and outstretched hand.

In the mean time the happy bride was talking it over with her sister. "Don't you remember, Catherine, that I told you I had a presentiment Lord Hythe was coming here? You see I was right. And I shall live in a grand old castle, and go to court, and be Lady Hythe to the end of my life. Be sure and write to all the girls who were at school with us, and when Louis and you get married you must come and see me. I won't patronize you at all, Catherine."

"I don't expect you will, my lady. Louis will be a Senator then; and you will also remember that on that eventful day you said that if an American Senator was not the peer of any English lord, you would like to know what was the use of us having any Senators."

MAJOR-GENERAL W. S. HANCOCK.

"An able and heroic soldier, a spotless and accomplished gentleman," in the words of President Cleveland, has been lost to the country by the unexpected death of Winfield Scott Hancock, which occurred on the 9th of February at Governor's Island. "An admirable type of soldier, a manly officer," said Lieutenant-General Sheridan, on hearing the sad tidings; "A very brilliant fighter, every inch a soldier," said General Merritt; "A superb soldier," said General Fitzhugh Lee. "He had the confidence of General Grant," said General Sherman, at the meeting in Cincinnati of the Loyal Legion; "of every man who ever had Hancock on his command, myself included. He was the most loyal, the most obedient, the most completely satisfactory, never questioning an order, loyal to the backbone, generous to a fault; a true, honest, and brave man and soldier, beloved by everybody, mourned by everybody." There will be no dissent from the concurrent verdict, repeated by thousands of lips, upon Hancock's martial qualities. He certainly was far from being a bookish soldier; but it was with him as with some other great field commanders, the excitement and peril that bewildered and terrified less sturdy natures roused him to alertness and vigor, and it was in the supreme moment of stress that Hancock blazed with the fire of battle.

He had, too, that faculty necessary for the highest executive success, of gathering to himself subordinates competent to perform routine details better than he could perform them himself. During the war he had men around him like Morgan, his courageous and clear-headed chief of staff; and since the war he has always had energetic staff officers. But his fame rests wholly on his own martial qualities as exhibited on scores of fields.

The lad born on St. Valentine's Day of 1824 near Norristown, in Pennsylvania, came on both sides of fighting Revolutionary stock, while his father, a lawyer, had been a soldier of 1812. Graduating in 1844, No. 18 in a class of twenty-nine, at West Point, young Hancock served as Second Lieutenant of Infantry through the Mexican war, and won a brevet for gallantry at Contreras and Churubusco. His marriage to Miss Almira Russell, of St. Louis, who survives him, came at the close of the war, in 1849, while Indian and frontier service filled the time until the signal gun at Fort Sumter in 1861 called professional soldiers to sudden widenings of careers.

Captain Hancock proceeded to Washington from Los Angeles, and as a Brigadier-General of Volunteers took part in McClellan's Peninsular campaign of 1862. Advancing from Yorktown, the first great battle occurred at Williamsburg; and there Hancock, sent by W. F. Smith, his division commander, to the right, planted himself directly on the enemy's left flank. He was of course attacked, but with soldierly instinct he met the onset by a counter-charge which drove the Confederates from the field in open-field fighting. "Brilliant in the extreme," was McClellan's comment on this performance; and his report further declared that "the result of Hancock's engagement was to give us possession of the decisive point of the battle-field," as indeed the evacuation of Williamsburg that night showed.

Throughout McClellan's change of base to the James, at Garnett's Hill, Golding's Farm, Savage Station, and White Oak Swamp, Hancock increased his reputation as a fighting officer. He commanded his brigade at South Mountain, and the division at Antietam after the mortal wounding of Richardson, and with it broke through the enemy's line, capturing prisoners, colors, and arms. In the storming of Marye's Heights, at Fredericksburg, under Burnside, deadly work fell on Hancock's division of the Second Corps. He took 5006 officers and men into action, and came out with 2993. In Hooker's disastrous battle of Chancellorsville his division covered the retreat.

At Gettysburg, as commander of the Second Corps, he was personally sent forward by Meade, during the fierce fighting of the first day, to report whether the ground was suitable for risking the great battle which was to decide the fate of the capital. He promptly sent back a message for concentration on Cemetery Ridge. Warren in his report notes the effect of Hancock's presence in inspiring confidence. On the second day of the battle, when the dangerous attack at the Peach Orchard occurred, Hancock came to the aid of the Third Corps and checked the peril. If Fortune had hung with poised wings for two days between the rival lines at Gettysburg, she assuredly flew to the Union standards on the third, in decreeing that the magnificent charge of Longstreet on that day should fall where it did. Hancock's corps breasted the shock, and the wave of secession there broke and recoiled, leaving its high-water mark on Gettysburg ridge. "Tell General Meade," said Hancock, reeling in his saddle from a ball received in his thigh at the moment of his triumph, "that the troops under my command have repulsed the enemy and gained a great victory. The enemy are now flying in all directions in my front." While others carried the stricken hero to an ambulance, the aide addressed dashed off, and soon returned with this reply: "Say to General Hancock that I am sorry he is wounded, and that I thank him for myself and for the country for the service he has rendered to-day." The formal thanks of Congress "for his gallant, meritorious, and conspicuous share in that great and decisive victory" duly followed.

During Grant's Virginia campaign, for which he returned after his cruel wound was healed, Hancock, with his Second Corps, was a most prominent and gallant figure. In the battle of the Wilderness he at one time commanded not only his own corps, but parts of the Fifth and Sixth, and fought through the dense, smoke-darkened chaparral with great effect. During the bloody assaults at Spottsylvania Hancock on one occasion captured 4000 prisoners, thirty cannon, and thirty colors by a splendid charge. In the engagements on the Potopotomoy, in the bloody assault of Cold Harbor, in the many battles around Petersburg, and in the great expeditionary movements at Deep Bottom, Reams's Station, and Boydton Plank-road, in the latter three of which he had field command of the forces employed, Hancock exhibited his sterling soldiership. When the approach of winter brought a lull to field operations he was assigned, as a popular soldier, to the task of organizing a corps of veterans, but before it could be raised the Southern cause had fallen to ruin.

After the war General Hancock served, as assigned, at the South, then at the West, where he took charge of an expedition against the Indians of the plains, and finally at New York as commander of the Division of the Atlantic. In 1880 he was the Democratic candidate for President against General Garfield, and comported himself with characteristic calmness and dignity throughout the contest. A typical soldier, a gallant and honorable gentleman, Hancock's fame is safe in American history.

MR. SHARP AS A WITNESS.

Mr. Jacob Sharp, whose picture is published in this issue, is the gentleman who is chiefly responsible for the building and operation of the Broadway surface railroad. The idea of laying rails for a street-car line on Broadway occurred to Mr. Sharp a great many years ago, and he permitted himself little if any rest until the rails were laid. There were many obstacles in the way of this undertaking, among others being the impossibility of obtaining the consent of the property owners to the construction of the proposed line, without which consent it is not generally the custom of the city authorities to grant a right of way to any street railroad. In the case of the Broadway line this apparently insurmountable obstacle was, however, overcome for Mr. Sharp by the members of the Board of Aldermen themselves, who, for reasons that have never been quite satisfactorily explained, ignored the absence of the property owners' consent, and passed a resolution giving to Mr. Sharp his coveted and valuable right of way. It is true that the Mayor promptly vetoed the measure; but again, for reasons known only to themselves, the Aldermen came to Mr. Sharp's relief, and at a special meeting, held in midsummer at the unusual hour of 9 A.M., passed the measure over the Mayor's veto. It was with a view to discovering what inducements to this strange course of aldermanic action were held out by Mr. Jacob Sharp that the Legislature recently appointed a Senatorial committee of investigation, before which committee Mr. Sharp has been testifying.

The testimony given by Mr. Sharp has been full of curious and interesting things. In answer to questions by Mr. Roscoe Conkling, counsel for the committee, Mr. Sharp has testified that, although the Broadway road cost to construct less than $150,000, and is now mortgaged for $2,500,000, he cannot remember for what purpose or why it came to be mortgaged. He has sworn that he never kept any books, and cannot remember to what persons or for what purposes he paid out checks upon his bank account for amounts as high as $200,000 and $300,000 less than a year ago. The stub of his check-book was produced, showing dates and amounts of checks drawn, but Mr. Sharp was totally unable to enlighten the committee in the least on the subject of where these amounts of money had gone. Concerning one check for $260,000 he did remember, after searching his memory, that it was to repay borrowed money, but he could not remember under what circumstances or for what use he had borrowed the money. Having testified that the road was bonded for $2,500,000, and having accounted for the whereabouts of $1,808,000 worth of these bonds, Mr. Sharp was not able to remember what had been done with the remainder of them—$692,000 worth. He tried to refresh his memory, but could not. He remembered just what amount of the bonds the lawyers employed by him in obtaining the franchise for the road got in the way of fees, but on the subject of the bestowal of the remaining $692,000 worth of bonds his mind was a complete blank.

During his examination by Mr. Conkling, Mr. Sharp held in his hand a bottle of milk, from which he frequently sought solace and refreshment. The accompanying illustration is from a photograph showing Mr. Sharp with his bottle, taken as he was leaving the meeting-place of the committee.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

It is well-known that the correspondence furnished from this city to the Western newspapers is copiously strewn with striking and interesting information. A recent letter which puts a quantity of sprightly prattle into the mouth of a California Forty-niner, among other things makes him say of the early gold-hunters: "I remem[illegible] that it was no uncommon thing to see m[illegible] fresh from their claims, sitting, after their [illegible]'s work was done, by the side of their cabin doors, reading Horace, Shakespeare, and all [illegible] better class of works." The contrast is [illegible] notable between this practice of the California pioneers and the habits of college graduates and scholars hereabouts. It is very rare to find any one reading Horace in public here. Any observer upon reflection will probably be unable to recall half a dozen instances in the last ten years in which he has seen anybody reading Horace in a horse-car, on a Coney Island boat, or a front door step, or in any similar place of public resort or exposure. If there exists in this metropolis any such love of the Roman poet as the correspondent says the Forty-niner declares was openly indulged in the California of the mid-century, it is cherished secretly. Citizens do not sit out in front of their residences and display it as they do the love of a pipe or the love of an evening newspaper.

It is reported that French physicians are confining such of their patients as are afflicted with gout to an unbroken diet of milk, and that this treatment is very successful; that is, that the patients experience a marked diminution of their gouty symptoms, although they are hopelessly miserable because of their inability to get those things which they most dearly love to eat. Persons who have fed themselves into a state of gout hate milk alone, and hear with impatience and contempt the venerable asseveration that it was the great food staple of the Scythians, the most warlike of men.

A newspaper paragraph says: "Letocq, who was with the late Prince Imperial when killed in South Africa, was one of six men of the crew of the schooner *Rifleman*, of Guernsey, drowned when the vessel foundered off Flamborough Head recently on a voyage from Shields to St. Servan." If that paragraph were the sole account of Letocq's death it would be a very difficult matter to tell how and where he died, unless one chose to believe that he died twice—once by drowning, and once at the point of a Zulu's spear.

It is said to be a belief in Norway that wolves are frightened away by telegraph poles. Inasmuch, however, as wolves are not a source of trouble in this city, the fact that they are frightened by these objects will furnish no reason why the wires here should not be put under-ground. It seems absurd, under the circumstances, to keep the town full of wolf-frighteners.

Philadelphia society, it is reported, is at present addicted to what is called the "progressive luncheon." Four persons sit at a table, and at the end of each course change places, each person moving one seat to the left. It will at once be seen that during an eight-course luncheon a person makes the round of the table twice, a twelve-course luncheon, three times, a sixteen-course luncheon, four times, and so on. The recommendations of the new custom are its unexciting method and its perfect harmlessness.

A white gorilla has been added to the collection at the Royal Aquarium at Westminster. It is three or four years old, the *St. James's Gazette* reports, and twenty-six inches in height. It seems to be white principally because it is bald, its body, arms, and legs being almost free from hair. It has no tail—another indication, perhaps, that it is a "link" which is getting along. It is "very gentle and affectionate," says the report, "clasping its keeper round the neck and kissing him like a child. It drinks from a tumbler, and has a most intelligent manner. It is housed in a large, handsome cage or chamber, with an entire glass front." Plainly the white gorilla is a creature that should make the acquaintance of Mr. Crowley, of Central Park. That intelligent chimpanzee has habits very much like him, and would no doubt extend a warm welcome to one whose gifts so nearly resemble his own.

A report concerning Florida and Mediterranean oranges says that "several years ago the Florida fruit was soft and risky to handle, but it has since grown almost as hard as the best Mediterranean product." The report must have been compiled before the late weather which sent the Florida thermometers well d[illegible] toward zero. If it had been written [illegible]nges as would not have spoken of Florid[illegible] those from having grown "almost as [illegible]owfully known in the Mediterranean. It [illegible]own much harder this Florida that they [illegible] great freeze left them hang- winter, and th[illegible]upon the trees. ing like sto[illegible]

[illegible] "silk-tailed chatterer" is the name of a [illegible] which the *Frankfurter Zeitung* says has lately reappeared at a number of places in middle Germany after an absence of more than thirty years. He is welcomed by the old and by persons of middle age, who remember and have missed him, and the poets also gratefully appreciate his return, bearing as he does a name with which literature may be decorated.

A complicated and unsatisfactory way to wind a clock has been discovered in Brussels. Sunlight falling upon a small shaft causes an up draught of air which sets in motion a fan, which starts some machinery which pulls up the clock weight. When the sky is overcast no heat falls upon the shaft, no current is created, the fan is not stirred, the machinery remains at rest, the weights lie idle, and the clock does not go.

At a health resort in England they steep sea-weed for an hour in boiling water, and then cooling the water slightly, admit the bather, who remains in twenty minutes, and comes out, it is alleged, greatly strengthened and refreshed.

Little French boys have recently been supplied with a fine article in torpedoes. It is about as big as a thimble, and so powerful that it will blow quite a hole out of pretty compact earth. The boys were perfectly contented; but no rose is without its thorn. The police have seized all existing torpedoes of this sort, and forbidden their manufacture. They are stigmatized by the authorities as dangerous to life and limb.

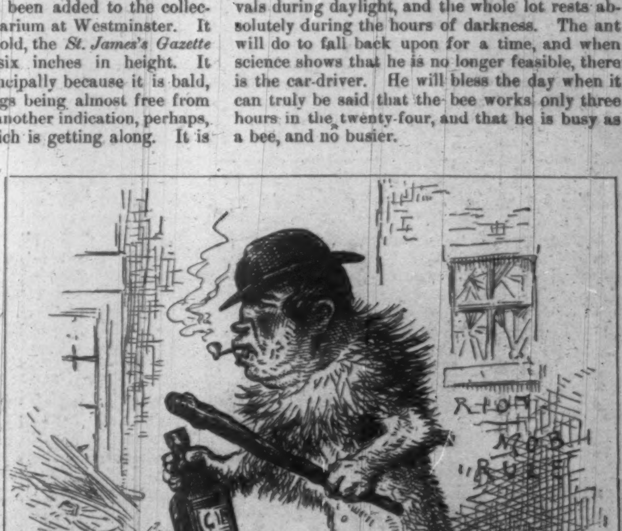
An Indian mound containing lance-heads, knives, mortars, pestles, etc., all of stone, has been laid open by workmen who were grading a street in San Francisco.

What a standing the Roman historian Pliny would have had in Pike County, Pennsylvania, if he had lived in this century! One of his remarks, in the course of a discussion of elephants, is to the effect that "African elephants, assembling in troops of fours and fives, and interlacing legs and trunks, commit themselves to the waves, and float over to the finer pasture of Arabia."

The change seems imminent which will permit the soldiers of the French army to wear beards. The agitation for the abolition of the martial soap-locks which have long distinguished the German army appears to have worn itself out.

A young lady of Buffalo who has a camera that she knows how to employ very skilfully is in great demand at lunch parties, and has photographed many pleasant groups most successfully; but she has never been able to photograph the pickles, it is said, because her camera is not worked by the instantaneous method.

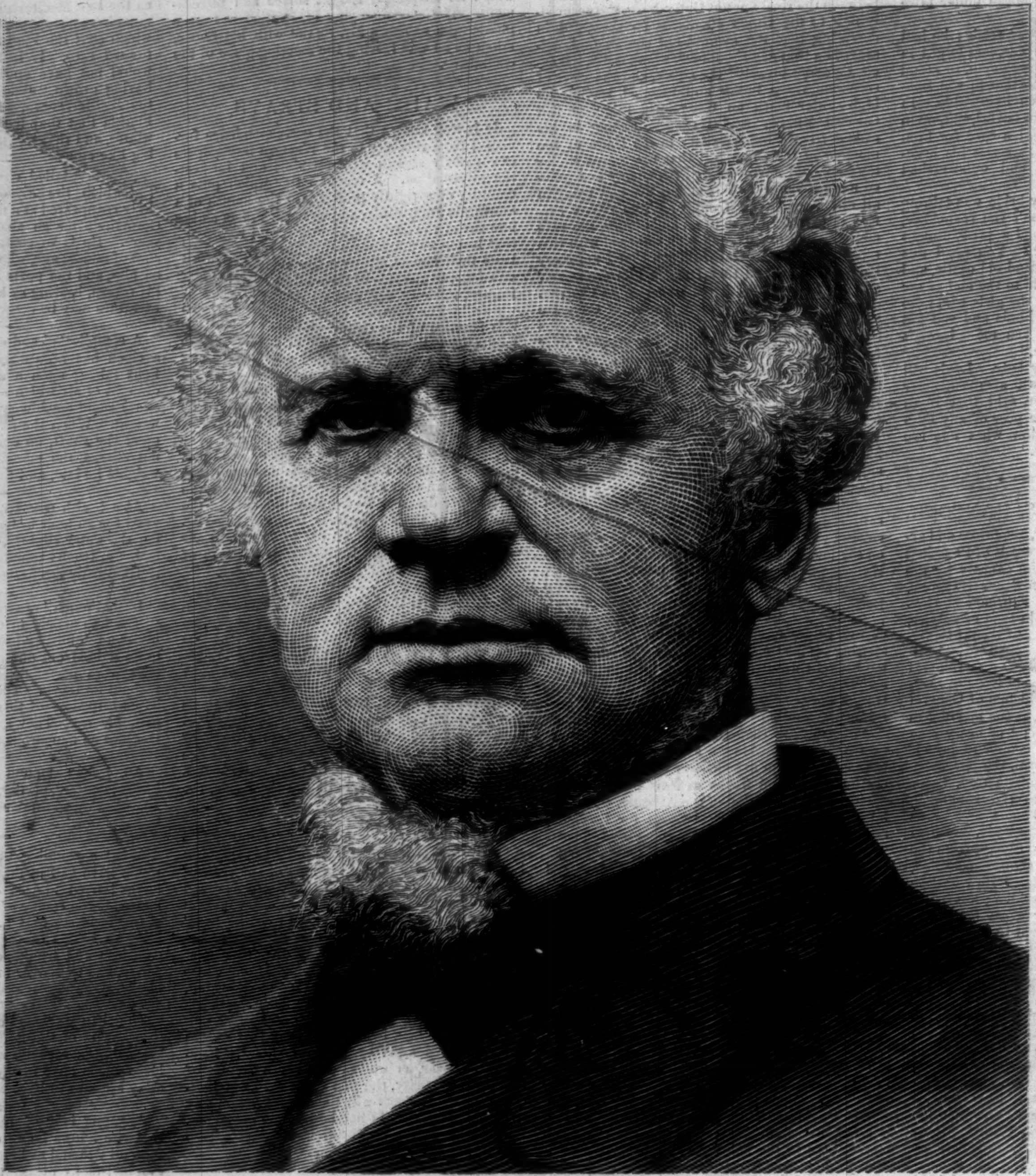
If it is true, as alleged, that a naturalist has lately discovered that the individual bee works only three hours a day, it is likely that the ant will have a double burden to support as the ever-presentable model of industry. Bees truly work continuously from sunrise to sunset, but the naturalist referred to says that they are different bees. One squad relieves another at three-hour intervals during daylight, and the whole lot rests absolutely during the hours of darkness. The ant will do to fall back upon for a time, and when science shows that he is no longer feasible, there is the car-driver. He will bless the day when it can truly be said that the bee works only three hours in the twenty-four, and that he is busy as a bee, and no busier.



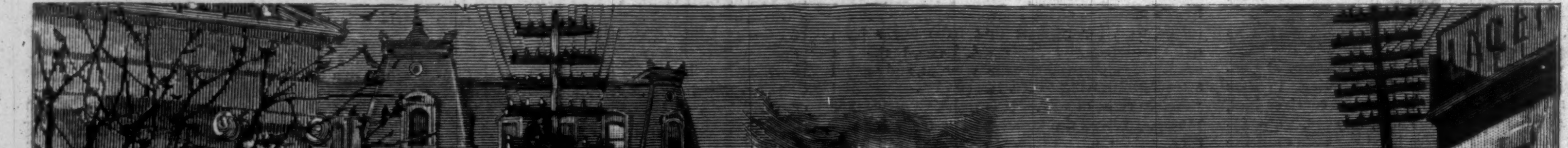
THAT NOBLE ANIMAL, THE BRITISH LION, LOOSE IN LONDON.

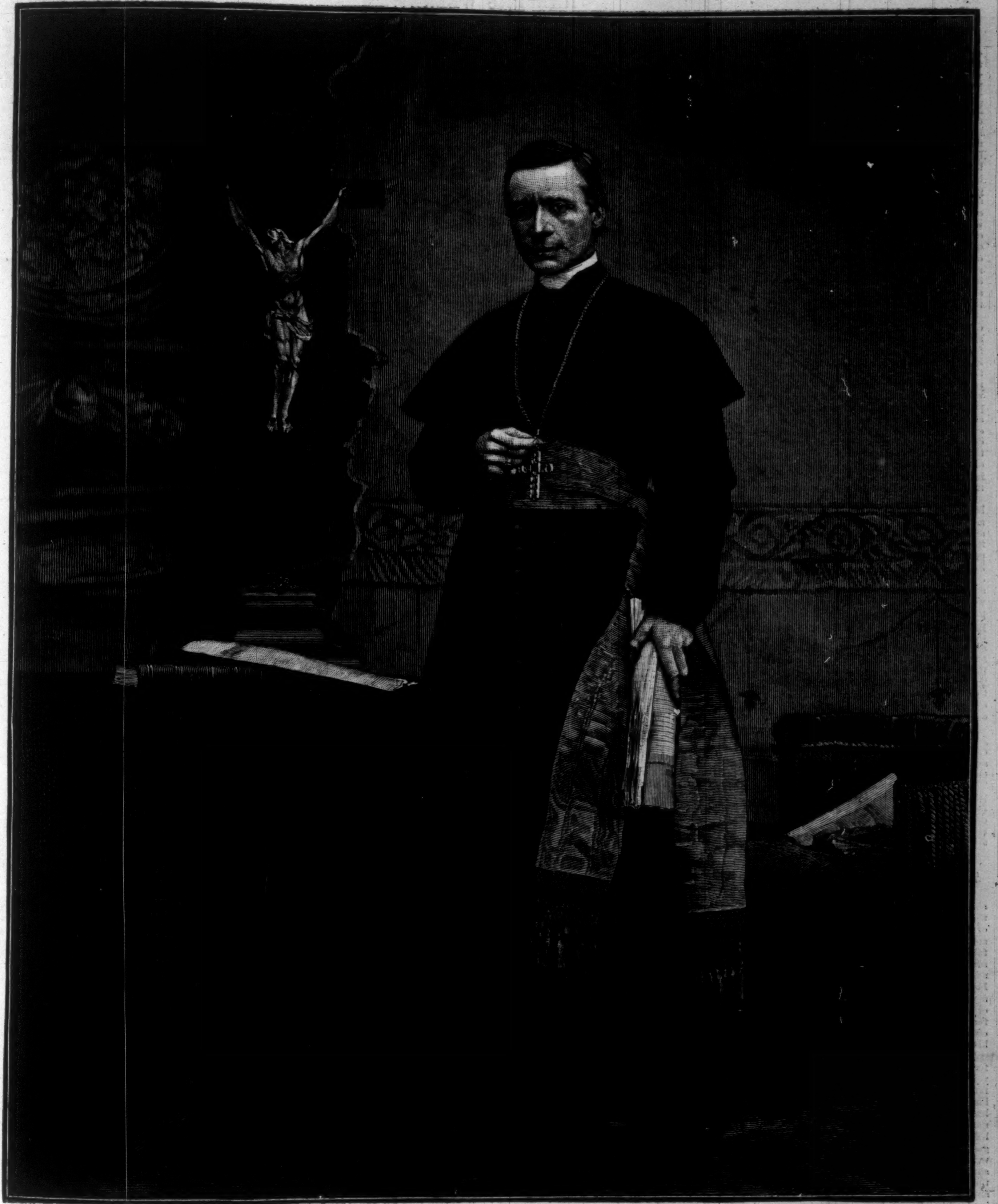
HORATIO SEYMOUR.

born ATIO SEYMOUR was pey, Onontown of Pom- New York, on County, of May, 1810, his father being a leading man in that section. The family moved to Utica when he was nine years of age, and he was sent to the academies of Oxford and Geneva. Being of delicate health, his father sent him to a military school at Middletown, Connecticut, where he gained in strength and made rapid progress. On leaving school he entered a law office in Utica, and in 1832 was admitted to the bar. About the same time he married **MARY BLEECKER**, an accomplished young lady of Albany. Before he had made much progress in his profession his father died, and he henceforth devoted himself to the care of a considerable estate, and indulged his taste for public affairs. He was appointed on the military staff of Governor **MARCY** in 1833, and served in that position six years. In 1841 he was elected to the Assembly, and took a conspicuous part in the session of the Legislature that followed. On returning home he was elected Mayor of Utica. He served in the Assembly again in 1844 and 1845, and in the latter year was chosen Speaker. The division in the Democratic party which followed left him in private life until 1850, when he was a candidate for Governor, and though his party was regarded as in a hopeless minority at that time, he came within 262 votes of election. Two years later, when there was a Free-soil candidate in the field, he was elected by a large plurality. During his term he vetoed a liquor prohibition bill, and was defeated for re-election in 1854 by a Prohibition candidate—nominations being also made by the Free-soilers and the Know-Nothings. His only part in politics for the next few years was as a delegate to the Democratic National Convention of 1856, where he favored the renomination of **PIERCE**. He was offered a foreign mission by **BUCHANAN**, but declined it. In 1862 he was the Democratic nominee for Governor of New York against General **JAMES S. WADSWORTH**, and made a personal canvass of the State. He was elected by a majority of 10,752. Although he had sympathized with the South in the contest that preceded the war, he declared his purpose to stand firmly by the government in its effort to maintain the Union. He was zealous in forwarding troops, and on the occasion of the draft riots in New York city, took personal charge of the situation, and effectually put down the disturbance in two days. Mr. **SEYMOUR** presided over the National Convention which nominated General **MCCLELLAN** in 1864. He was again called to preside over the Democratic Convention in 1868, which was held in New York city, when the nomination for President was offered to himself. He at first declined, announcing from the platform of the Convention that he could not be the candidate of the party, but was prevailed upon to accept. After his defeat of that year he firmly declined to re-enter public life, and positively refused the nomination for Governor of New York in 1876. For many years he had lived in retirement at Deerfield, taking a lively interest in all matters pertaining to the welfare of the country, and often appearing publicly to advocate some cause that he had at heart. He was warmly interested in the canal system of the State of New York, and was one of the strongest advocates of the policy of making the Erie Canal free of tolls. His public addresses and published papers cover a great variety of subjects.



HORATIO SEYMOUR.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY KURTZ.





CARDINAL JAMES GIBBONS.—Photographed by Daniel Bendann, Baltimore.

THE NEW AMERICAN CARDINAL.

The appointment of Archbishop James Gibbons, of Baltimore, to the cardinalate has given much satisfaction to the Roman Catholics of the United States. This high honor is now associated with the oldest of the American sees, that of Baltimore—an arrangement which seems to the secular mind to be entirely fitting. Some of the Archbishop's personal friends speak of his qualifications for his new position with great enthusiasm, and refer to the days of his student life as giving signs of unusual promise. Certainly older prelates have been passed over, and the fact is assurance that Archbishop Gibbons owes his promotion to the impression he has made of uncommon merit.

For one thing, the Archbishop is an American. He was born in Baltimore, July 23, 1834, and was educated chiefly in Maryland. His classical studies were pursued in St. Charles College, Howard County, from which he graduated in 1857. He studied theology in St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, and was ordained and made pastor of St. Bridget's Church, in that city, June, 1861. His rise in the hierarchy was rapid, for in 1868 he was made Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina. Doubtless he owed much to the friendship of Archbishop Spalding, with whom he was closely associated. At the second plenary Council, held in Baltimore, he held an important official position, and over the recent third plenary Council he presided as the delegate of the Pope. Before becoming Archbishop he was Bishop of Richmond, succeeding to that diocese in 1872. In 1877 he succeeded Archbishop Bayley in the see of Baltimore.

The duties of the Cardinal will not, as such, be very burdensome. The cardinals are the Pope's advisers, and in order to perform that function should reside in Rome. A dispensation from the obligation of residence was granted to Cardinal McCloskey, and will without doubt be granted to his successor. Even in the event of the election of a new Pope it would not be practicable for an American cardinal to participate; the members of the Sacred College living in Rome would meet and fill the vacancy with the least possible delay. The cardinalate in the United States is an honor, and very little more. Inasmuch, however, as every cardinal is connected with some local church of Rome, which gives him his title, it will be necessary for Archbishop Gibbons to visit that city. The cap and other insignia of office may be forwarded to him here by some one deputed for that purpose, as in the case of Cardinal McCloskey.

Archbishop Gibbons is best known to the reading public by his book entitled *Faith of our Fathers*, which has passed through eleven editions. He is described by one of his friends as a progressive man, in favor of giving the priests a share in the election of bishops, and the laity a voice in the management of the Church's temporal affairs. If the last statement be correct, he is very progressive. The participation of the lower orders of the clergy in the selection of bishops has been mooted in the plenary Councils, but nothing in relation to it has been determined, as far as the general public is informed. The proposal that the laity should have a larger share in the administration of the Church's temporalities runs counter to Catholic policy, but what may be done here in America time only can show.

The new Cardinal will be the honorary head of a Church of twelve archbishops, sixty-two bishops, and seven thousand two hundred and ninety-six priests, and of a Catholic population of seven millions.

THE BRIDGE EXTENSION.

After a great deal of opposition, naturally excited by the objection of a wealthy gentleman to the construction of an unsightly mass of iron-work immediately in front of his handsome building, the bill allowing the trustees of the New York and Brooklyn Bridge to extend the New York approach to that structure across Chatham and Centre streets to the City Hall Park has passed the Legislature and received the signature of the Governor. Work will doubtless be begun at once, and in the course of a few months the extension, just as illustrated in this issue, will have become a thing completed. The compromise effected with Mr. Oswald Ottendorfer, who for so long strenuously opposed the work, forbids the construction of any roof over the new approach, which in the winter-time will be found to be an extremely airy and at times a very sloppy promenade. In spite of these drawbacks, however, it cannot but be a decided improvement upon the route, through mud puddles and between the legs of horses, which people living north of Park Row are now compelled to take in reaching the entrance to the great bridge.

To fully appreciate the importance of this addition to the bridge, however, one has but to look at the cramped and imperfect terminal or switch facilities for the bridge cars as at present existing. It will be noticed by a glance at the picture that the new structure will furnish switching room for the cars throughout its length from where the tracks now end on the bridge to a point on the east side of Centre Street. By this additional track room, it is said, the passenger capacity of the trains will be nearly if not quite doubled. Instead of, as now, transporting seven thousand people an hour during the busy hours of the morning and evening, the trains, increased in length, will carry between ten and fourteen thousand persons hourly over the great span.

The double stairway to the new approach will be just at the east side of the Hall of Records, and will lead to a foot-bridge sixteen feet wide, and about the same number of feet distant from the ground, extending across Centre Street. This portion of the new approach has been designed by the architect of Mr. Ottendorfer, and is more decorative in its aspect than the remainder of the structure which spans Chatham Street, and which was designed by the bridge engineers. Both portions will, however, be made of steel, and if painted alike, the difference between the unpretending half built by the prosaic bridge engineers and the ornamental half composed by Mr. Ottendorfer will not be any more painfully apparent than the difference, for instance, between the Tweed Court-house and the beautiful extension to it on the south. The new approach will, at all events, be quite as architecturally harmonious as the several portions of the other elevated railroad structures in which the city rejoices. The width of the extension where it crosses Chatham Street will, of course, be considerably greater than the Centre Street span, in order to accommodate the necessary car tracks. There will be but two sets of columns or supports, one at the Chatham Street curb, and one in the angle where Chatham and Centre streets diverge. To accommodate the structure the southeasterly corner of the City Hall elevated station will have to be removed.

THE CHINESE CIVIL SERVICE SYSTEM.

The Chinese civil service is the most remarkable invention of a wonderful people. It covers the whole immense empire. It supplies the place of a national education law, and stimulates every active intellect to laborious study. Every Chinese father hopes that his son may prove a successful student, may pass two at least of the public examinations, and become at last a public official. For this he prays, sacrifices, consults the soothsayers, the geomancers, and the fates. The birth of a son is hailed in China with loud rejoicings; for the son, in the civil service system, may become one of the ruling aristocracy, and bring to his family distinction and wealth.

The education of the young Chinese is therefore carefully provided for. Until seven or eight years old he plays in the streets unchecked. His father, "the venerable severe one," watches over him tenderly. He is sent to school, learns his letters, and then begins to commit by ear the moral lessons of Mencius and Confucius. He learns from the "Four Books" that man is born good, but that the world is evil. He begins to write and handle carefully his camel's-hair brush and ink. From nine in the morning until six in the evening the school-boys hum their lessons, and the din of a Chinese school-room is said to be intolerable. The student next practises composition, and prepares himself for that rapid writing so prized by the Eastern races.

He now presents himself for the first of the three state examinations. His name, description, and appearance are entered in a register. The examinations are held twice in every year before an officer of high rank in the prefectoral cities. The candidates fill the city; they assemble at dawn in the public hall. Each student is searched lest he may have some concealed volume with him. Themes are given out for two prize essays and a poem. The papers are handed in, the candidates disperse. The list of the successful is published a few days after. With unbounded joy the Chinese youth finds himself endowed with his first literary degree. He is now a government official, wears an official dress, and a gilt button. He may obtain a clerkship by influence or purchase, or he may prepare himself for the second examination, the opening to still higher promotion in the state.

For this he prepares himself by intense labor. He studies chiefly the "Five Canons"—books of the earlier centuries. But he reads all the history and literature of the past. China abounds in these earnest students, who in poverty and ceaseless labor pass their lives, cheered only by the hope of grasping the glittering prizes held out by the civil service system. They are the office-seekers of China; but they make their way by delving amidst the richest stores of the national literature, and filling their minds with its history, philosophy, and poetry.

At length the examination day draws near. It comes every three years. An official, the Grand Examiner, is sent from Peking to hold it in the provincial capital. The examiner is sealed up in his house, lest the friends of the students may influence him improperly: the examination must be perfectly impartial. A crowd of students appear in the examination halls, and are shut up separately in its cells; food and writing materials are given them; the Grand Examiner closes the gates and is imprisoned with them. Themes are given out in prose and verse, and for three days the weary brains toil incessantly. Twelve thousand students, it is said, were gathered recently at one of these intellectual contests. Some go mad, some die. Even the Grand Examiner has been known to become a raging madman. Three times the struggle is renewed, of three days each. The papers are then handed in, the candidates go to their homes, and await in deep suspense the last decision. A list of the successful ones is posted up, an immense crowd gathers, and joy fills the homes of those who have triumphed in the literary tournament.

The last examination is held at Peking once every three years. The graduates of the second now hasten to the third. They come to the capital from every part of the immense empire; their heavy expenses are paid by borrowing, by the aid of friends, or often by the sale of their own jewelry and dress. Eight or nine thousand of the best intellects of China appear at the examination. It is held in three sittings of three days each. It is apparently impartial. Three candidates take the highest rank among the successful. Their names are famous over the empire; their fortunes are secured. The highest offices are reserved for them. The other successful students receive appointments in the different departments. They are the future mandarins and high officials to whom falls the administration of the affairs of the empire.

The Chinese civil service system has outlived the political changes of more than two thousand years. The examinations have gone on regularly; the changes of dynasties and rulers have never checked the course of study. The literary class has always ruled. The whole people are welded together by this unceasing system of study. The defects and advantages of the Chinese civil service are easily discovered. But its novelty and its antiquity cannot be questioned. Europe and America in their competitive examinations sit at the feet of China.

Eugene Lawrence.

"WHO SHOULD GO WEST."

A correspondent, who thinks that Mr. Theodore Roosevelt's article in a recent number of Harper's Weekly is liable to be misconstrued, writes us as follows:

"The question arises, What does he mean by the *West?* Those who have travelled west will readily perceive that he mainly refers to the mining and stock-raising districts; but to the majority the article will be misleading, and to a large class who ought to 'go West' it will be discouraging. Having travelled considerably in that territory, and been a resident there a few years, I would like to correct impressions that are made by certain points in Mr. Roosevelt's article, although I sympathize with his intention to warn young men of the disappointment which awaits the expectations many of them have of sudden fortunes in the far West. It is in regard to the agricultural Dakota—the Red and James River valleys—to which Mr. Roosevelt refers that I particularly object to his views as they will be understood. In all the world's pioneering there has probably never been a larger proportion of the immigrants people of higher education and culture than those who have settled Dakota, owing, perhaps, mainly to the railway facilities for getting there, and the anticipated ease of producing golden harvests.

"Mr. Roosevelt is right in saying 'A new country calls for the existence of all the robuster and virile virtues on the part of those who would live therein, but that the craftsman or plodding farmer is more likely to succeed in it than brains and faculty cultured in the schools is disproven by many facts.' The plains of the great West have revolutionized farming, and brains and machinery are largely superseding brains and brawn. Large numbers of merchants, clerks, college professors, disabled clergymen, and business men of every class are prosperous in wheat growing and general farming, as well as in business on very small capital to begin with, as honest endeavor and ability can always command capital, and Dakota lands, of which all settlers possess themselves, furnish excellent securities. There are hundreds of penniless teachers of both sexes cultivating homesteads and tree claims in the neighborhood of their schools, thus securing homes and property they never could obtain in the East. Besides the teachers, there are many other women who serve their neighbors in any honorable capacity while cultivating their lands, and are becoming objects of interest to the adjacent young man.

"I would not advise every young man or young woman to go West, for some are constitutionally lacking in courage and the faculty to 'get on' anywhere; but to those having good sense, education, character for thrift and pluck, and no certain prospects before them, I would say, You can certainly thrive West. Don't expect too much at first, but patiently work and wait. If your faculties are not the sharpest, whet them by experience and observation, and take lessons from your neighbors."

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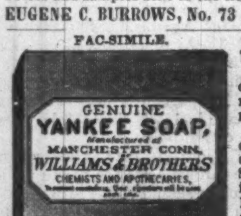

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

(No. 430)

FOR MARCH, 1886.

CONTENTS:

The Open-air Sacrament.
Frontispiece (illustration for "Cape Breton Folk"). From a Drawing by A. B. Frost;

An Iron City beside the Ruhr.
A Description of Krupp's Gun-making Establishment at Essen. By Moncure D. Conway. Illustrated;

She Stoops to Conquer.
Beginning of Act IV. With Four Illustrations by E. A. Abbey;

Portrait of Constance Fenimore Woolson.
Full-page Plate Engraving;

The City of Cleveland.
By Edmund Kirke. Illustrated;

Cape Breton Folk.
By C. H. Farnham. Illustrated by A. B. Frost;

With the Afghan Boundary Commission.
By William Simpson. Illustrated;

Dogs and their Management.
By Hugh Dalziel. Illustrated;

Africa's Awakening.
By David Ker. With Map;

The Home Acre. Part I.
By E. P. Roe;

East Angels. Part XV.
By Constance Fenimore Woolson;

Brief—as Woman's Love.
A Story. By Brander Matthews;

A Rose of Jericho.
A Poem. By Frances L. Mace;

Editor's Easy Chair.
By George William Curtis.

Does the Puritan Survive?—Importance of the Individual.—American Opera in New York.—"And meanwhile, Brethren, how is it with us?"

Editor's Study.
By William Dean Howells.

Dr. Holmes's Mortal Antipathy to Young Poets.—A Surfeit, not a Dearth, of Poets Impending.—Some Considerations why we should not Grieve if there never were any more Poets.—Difficulty of Forecasting Poets in the Absence of a Meteorologico-Literary Bureau.—Mr. Stedman's Poets of America, and Mr. Courthope's Liberal Movement in English Literature.—Defense of a Child of Darkness.—Mr. Gosse's Essays from Shakespeare to Pope.—Genius: a Philistine View of it.—Grant's Memoirs.—The First Napoleon.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

Editor's Drawer.
Conducted by Charles Dudley Warner.

The New England Farmer.—A Plantation Funeral.—The Coolest Man in the French Army.—The Dingy Sod House of Dakota.—A Disappointment.—Taking Advantage of Company.—Why not Two Dozen?—One Satisfactory Item.—Only an Incident.—Trying to Make it All Right (illustration by W. H. Hyde).

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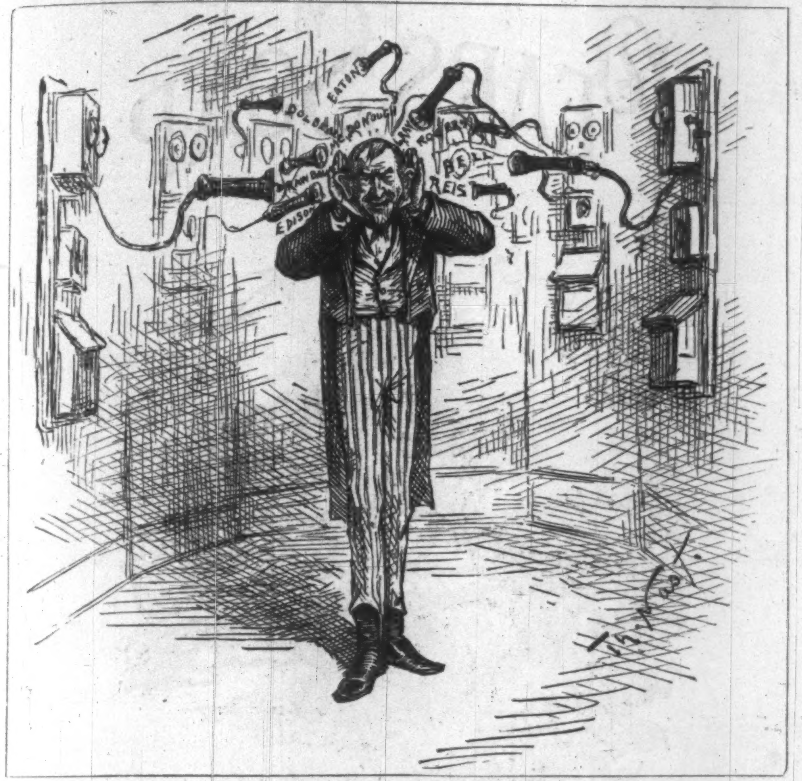

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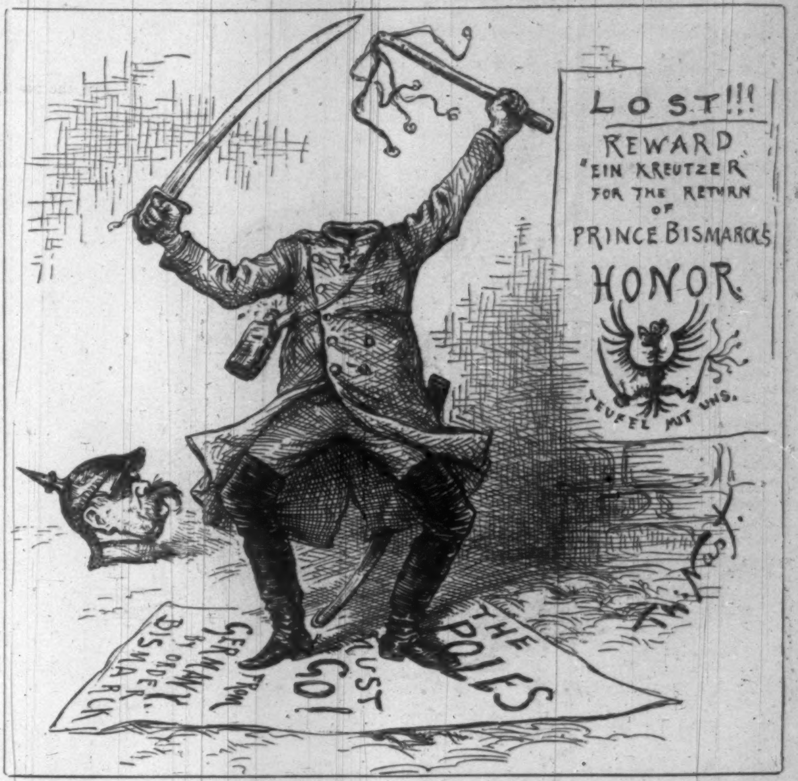

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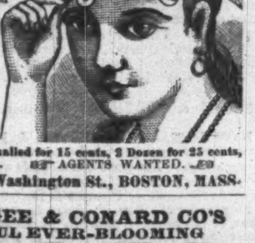

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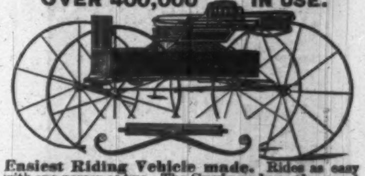

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